

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY NOVEMBER. 22, 1921.

NUMBER 5

Judge Garnett Gives a 'Possum Party.

Judge James Garnett gave a 'possum' party at his home in Louisville last night. Usually this would not be a matter of more than routine significance, but, according to a veracious report from John W. Flowers, cashier of the Bank of Columbia, the 'possum' was a distinguished member of the 'possum family, good natured up to the time he was ready to be garnished with sweet 'taters and defiant to his last breathing moment. Here is the letter that came with Peter 'Possum:

"I am sending you by parcel post today the 'possum' according to promise. Am sending him alive that you may know that he is entirely unblemished and is the finest specimen of the illustrious 'possum' family. He was captured by two of the most famous hunters to be found in this section of Kentucky, viz. Barksdale Hamlett, Jr., and Sanford Strange. His place of residence was on Petits Fork Creek near the famous Todd's Cave and he is a descendant of that branch of the 'possum' family which, for generations past, has thrived on persimmons, short-core apples and game chickens, and has largely contributed to making that particular locality the most famous in Adair County.

"On the night of his capture he had been visiting relatives living up the said creek in the 'Indian Hut' vicinity and on his return had stopped to eat a few short-core apples. It was at this point on his journey that the 'possum' dog, Spot, struck his trail and put him up a tree with a short-core half eaten in his mouth. By skillful manipulation on the part of the trained hunters mentioned above he was bagged without a dog bite, and to prove that he was king of his tribe, he has refused to become sullen at any time since his capture. On his departure for Louisville he stood proudly on his four feet and defied every dog in town, all of which were present."—Louisville Times.

Basket Ball.

Campbellsville against Columbia Athletic Club at the C. H. S. G. tonight, Tuesday.

Monticello against Columbia, at same place, Thursday afternoon. Turn out everybody.

The Woman Question Again.

Should women be allowed to preach? Should they be allowed to do such a thing? The Bible gives a clear answer to many of these questions. It does not matter what some Theological or Political Tom, Dick or Harry thinks, but, what saith the Scriptures? When the Toms, Dicks and Harrys have returned to the dust from whence they came the Bible will still be with us as authoritative as ever. We are studying the Epistles to Timothy on Wednesday evenings at the Baptist Church. Wednesday 23rd we will be studying 1 Timothy 2, which takes up the above subject. Come and bring your Bible with you. Bring your friend.

Leslie J. B. Smith, Pastor.

Big Vaudeville show at Cane Valley Friday night Nov. 25.

Killed in Oklahoma.

A telegram received last Thursday morning from Okemah, Okla., by Mr. E. H. Hughes, stated that Ural Roe fell from a stallway and died instantly. The deceased was reared at Sparksville, and was a son of T. H. Roe. He was known to most of the people in the lower end of the county. He was District Judge which corresponds with our Circuit Judge.

For Sale.

I have one Kurtzman piano which I will sell at a bargain, if taken at once. Sam Lewis.

Wedding Plans.

The wedding of Miss Frances Garnett, of Louisville, and Mr. Robert Alexander Gayle, Frankfort, will take place to-morrow night at 8 o'clock, Nov. 23rd, at the Highland Baptist Church, Louisville. The ceremony will be performed by Dr. J. P. Scruggs, Franklin, Ky., who is an uncle of the intended bride, assisted by the Very Rev. Richard L. McCready, dean of Christ's Church Cathedral.

Miss Josephine Cherry, Bowling Green, will be the maid of honor. The bride's maids will be Misses Elizabeth Temple, Philadelphia; Julia Horner, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Martha Sparks, Mt. Vernon; Martha Riker, Lexington.

Misses Elizabeth Grant and Dora Allen will be the flower girls.

Mr. Geo. Gayle, Frankfort, will be his brother's best man, and the ushers will be Messrs. Charles Stoll, W. Hume Logan, Lewis Garrett and William Simpson Frankfort.

The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the intended bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Garnett.

Miss Garnett was born and reared in Columbia and the best wishes of this entire town will go with her through her wedded life.

The couple will reside at Frankfort, the intended groom being a prominent young man of that city.

Notice.

Before having your fall sewing done see Jones & Bradley, 3rd story Pauli Bldg. 5-tf

Will Leave Columbia.

The people of this place will regret to learn that Mr. Geo. McMahan and family will remove from Columbia and become residents of Edmonton. It is a most excellent family and we lose by their departure. Mr. McMahan, who is a good business man, will manage the Farmers Union Store in Edmonton, and understand that his daughter, Miss Mary Graves, who is now employed in the First National Bank, this place, will be a saleslady in the store. She too will be missed in the bank and by all the young people of Columbia. We certainly wish this most elegant family success and happiness.

I am now ready to do hemstitching. Also have all repairs for Singer Sewing Machines. Come and see and get prices

Emma Jones,
3rd Story, Pauli Bldg.
5-tf

Raido Station in Operation.

Columbia is now in direct communication with Washington, D. C., New York and all other large cities. Mr. Lewis Young, our Jeweler, has the apparatus installed in his store and Mr. Cyrus Williams, the electrician is in charge. When a great speech is being delivered in Congress or any City in the Union we are in readiness to hear it in Columbia. Is not the establishing of this station enterprising? The convenience it brings to this town cannot be told in a short item. Again, we want to praise and tip our hat to Mr. Young. We got the time direct from Washington last Thursday morning.

Take Notice.

It is the duty of each and every owner of an automobile, of any kind, truck, motorcycle and dealers in motor vehicles to call at the County Clerk's office between December 2d, 1921, to January 1st, 1922, and procure licenses for same

S. C. Neat.

Do not overlook Thanksgiving services, which will be held at the Christian church next Thursday forenoon. The sermon by Rev. R. V. Bennett. There will be special music. Merchants are again asked to close their doors and present.

The Jamestown-Lindsey Game.

Last year the Jamestown High School Basket ball team defeated the L. W. T. S., team twice. First, at Lindsey, Second, at Jamestown. Not Jamestown nor Jamestown, but Jamestown. We found the Lindsey boys in good shape. They strained every nerve and commanded every force they had to win the game but all in vain. This did not give us the "big head" or the "enlargement of the bean" as the writer puts it in the Columbia Republican. The result of the games were never published in any paper, so far as we know. We don't believe that the L. W. T. S., had anything to do with this write up in the Columbia Republican.

This year Lindsey wanted to get back her reputation as ball players, and so she engaged a game with us to be played on their court. The game was played to a finish, 16 to 30, in favor of L. W. T. S. The writer seems to be boosting Webb, Blair and Ashby. All right, good boys and good players, but we have some boys on our team that can play too. And right here we demand of the L. W. T. S., basket ball team to correct some things in their write up in the Columbia Republican and so state the facts.

The above is as much space as we can possibly give to a ball game. We like the Jamestown boys and at all times this paper will report games as they are played. The Columbia Republican has passed out of existence. Let it rest.—Ed. News.

For Sale.

An 6 room house with a two acre lot. This is a desirable piece of property and just outside the town limits. Also 45 acre tract of land 1 1/2 miles of town, in Graded School district. 5 room house, good barn and all under wire fence. Prices right for a quick sale. L. H. Jones.

Uncle Joe Williams Cooks an O'possum.

Uncle Joe Williams cooked an o'possum and invited Marvin Piercy, Bill Hood, John Squires and Rhue over to a 7 o'clock dinner, and after partaking freely of Uncle Joe's possum and "taters" with good corn bread and hot coffee, they were thoroughly convinced that Uncle Joe was not joking when he said that there is a great big art in cooking a possum.

Uncle Joe is one of the few surviving representatives of the good old time family darty that his figured so prominently in the romantic history of The Old Kentucky Home. The boys will not soon forget the happy occasion, and the picture of good old Uncle Joe, as with beaming countenance, he stood by and watched with satisfaction his white boys enjoying the possum supper.

N X

NOTICE.

We are now ready to issue dog tax License and collect your dog tax for the year 1922. Please call and settle before January 1st, 1922, as the law directs.

Respt.,
S. C. Neat, Clerk, A. C. C.

Stricken With Paralysis.

Mr. E. S. Crume, who is the Express Agent, at Elizabethtown, the father of Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, this place, met with two strokes of paralysis last Tuesday. A message to his daughter here, received Wednesday, stated that he was better.

Mr. Crume has visited here, has a number of acquaintances in Columbia, all of whom will be glad to hear of his early recovery.

Sheet Iron Stoves.

I have on hand the following sizes in stoves at my shop 22 inches \$3.75, 24 inches \$4.00, 26 inches \$4.50. All of the stoves have large doors, and are hand made from extra heavy iron. Edwin Cravens.

Would They Have Anything At All?

You say you "already carry all you can pay for"—you "don't want to cramp yourself"—you "don't want to keep yourself poor paying premiums." Really, you are covering only a part of the ground. It isn't simply a question of how much you can live on or how much you can lay by each year. There is the more important question of how much your family could live upon if you, the bread-winner, were suddenly taken away. They will get along all right while you live. They would manage to subsist, somehow, even if your income were cut in two. Would they have as much as that if you were taken away? Would they have anything at all?

Here is the question for every true man to consider: "How much must my wife and children have to enable them to live in simple comfort when I am no longer here to provide for them? Have I taken the necessary steps to secure them as much as that?"

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
of New York
Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, Agent,
Columbia, Ky.

Thanksgiving.

Thursday, the 24th inst., Thanksgiving services will be held in the Christian church and Rev. R. V. Bennett will deliver the discourse. Business men of Columbia are requested to close their stores and attend.

It Did Not Work.

Plans were laid for the prisoners to escape jail last Tuesday night. After supper they were turned in the hall for some purpose and in due course of time they were returned to the cells. At bedtime Mr. Tarter, the jailer, went into the cells to see that all was well. He missed one of the Bell boys, and in looking over the hall he could not be discovered. There was a large box in the hall and Mr. Tarter said: "I do not know where he could be unless he is in that box. I will shoot into it and see." When this announcement was made the Bell boy hallooed and came out. He was then handcuffed and chained and placed in the cell. The supposition is that he had the key Albert West had made, and that it was his intention to liberate all the prisoners at a late hour that night. By the time this is read the Bell boys and the negro Lewis Cooper, will be in Frankfort.

Notice.

The tax books are now completed and I am ready to receive your taxes. Come in at once and settle. The sooner this is done, the better for all concerned.

Cortez Sanders,
Sheriff, Adair County.
51-tf

Report of the Grand Jury.

A grand jury of Adair Circuit Court, after being in session 7 days, returned 49 indictments, classified as follows.

Nuisance	1
Transporting liquor	2
Selling liquor	2
Cold check	5
Rec-weapons	2
Grand larceny	2
Petit larceny	1
Disturbing worship	3
Weapons	4
Selling cigarettes to minors	2
Escaping jail	3
Breach of Peace	17
Detaining a woman	1
Deserting infant children	2
Fornication	2
Total	49

Type Writer Ribbons.

We have type-writer ribbons for sale, the Oliver, Remington and Smith Premier. Call while they last.

The Radiophone.

The wireless plant has now been installed and is in operation. All who have heard it pronounce it a huge success. On account of not having received all the parts Mr. Young will be unable to allow everyone to listen at the instrument for awhile, but he informs us that as soon as the Reproducer arrives that he will arrange it so that all may hear that wishes.

The first night that this plant was installed Mr. Young and others were able to hear a famous singer sing My Old Kentucky Home, with remarkable clearness, the singer being in Trenton New Jersey. Mr. Williams then changed the instrument and was able to hear a concert in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Sunday night Nov. 20th, Mr. Young and others heard a famous preacher in Pittsburg preach on a highly interesting subject, the subject being (What God Hath Wrought) the listeners all of one accord pronounced it one of the most forceful sermons that they had ever heard. This same talker announced that many more messages would follow one of which would be Americas Message to the World which would probably be his Thanksgiving Message.

Truly this is a wonderful instrument for people that never would listen to a Religious sermon in their own home church who have expressed a desire to hear these sermons.

Ladies' Hats.

Nice line of up-to-date ladies hats at our store which will be sold at actual cost. Call at once. They are going.

Blair & Ellis, Garlin, Ky.
24t

Where Would They Get it?

If you are earning say \$3,000 a year, at least one-half goes to the support of your family.

One-half of \$3,000 is \$1,500. A policy for \$30,000 would produce for your family an income of \$1,500 a year, if its proceeds were invested at 5 per cent.

The money-producing value of your life to your family is therefore not less than \$30,000. Is your life insured for anything like that value? If not, where would they get the remainder of the income?

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has a policy that exactly fits your need.

Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, Agent,
Adair County News Office.

Notice.

We will, for the next 30 days, sell at net cost dry goods, notions, Ladies and men's hats, Shoes and Rubbers

Blair & Ellis, Garlin, Ky.
44t

Announcement.

Elder Loren Furstemberger, of Owensboro, Ky., will preach at the Christian church, this city, next Monday night, Nov. 28, at 7 o'clock. He is a young man and comes well recommended. We hope to engage him as pastor for the church here, next year.

It is requested that the membership be well represented to hear him. It is also desired that the Mt. Pleasant church be represented as he is expected to preach for that church and Cane Valley in connection with this church.

He will preach for the Cane Valley church on Tuesday night, Nov. 29.

I have sold my stock of goods. Please come and settle your account. Albin Murray.

In answer to a question propounded by Rev. I. M. Grimsley, of this county, State Superintendent Geo. Colvin answers: Our Course of Study authorizes the teaching of vocal music in our schools, this Department approves it, and there is no law against it.

Next Thursday will be the day when the people of Columbia will come together and return thanks to the Giver of all that is good, for their preservation and prosperity. While those who are comfortably situated are enjoying the comforts that will be spread upon well-filled tables, they should not forget the poor families who are unable to have a spread, and send some choice edibles to them: God loves a cheerful giver, and those who are comfortably situated, will feel better and will be better for helping the unfortunate. Religiously speaking, the man or the woman who lives selfishly will find that they failed to build a mansion in that home above.

Wanted.

GREY FOXES... \$2.50 Each!
W. S. Hodgen,
Campbellsville, Ky.

Our letter from Gradyville that has appeared almost constantly for more than twenty years, has failed to reach us for several weeks. Our correspondent says that he has mailed them regularly, and we do not doubt his statement. The postmaster at this place is very careful with our mail, and no blame is attached to him. We simply did not get the letters, and if they had reached us they would have been published. We have a few times carried over the Gradyville letter on account of the congested condition of our columns, and we regret that this has occurred. We are at all times glad to publish a letter from Gradyville.

A real good horse for sale. Call at once. S. C. Neat.

It is estimated that approximately 6 percent of Kentucky's acreage of corn was put into silos this season, the average yield per acre being only about 6 tons. Some farmers report corn as being chaffy and some also report damage due to molding in the shock. Only 74 percent of this year's crop in Kentucky is reported as being merchantable, compared to an average of 84 percent usually merchantable. Farmers also report 9 percent of last year's Kentucky corn crop still on farms. The average yield per acre this year in Kentucky is reported by farmers as 25.6 bus. per acre compared to 30.5 bus. per acre last year and a 10-year average of 27.3 bus.

Jamestown Wins.

Last Wednesday night the Columbia basket ball team went up against Jamestown and was badly defeated. A large crowd witnessed the contest and it was very much enjoyed. At the end of the first half the visitors were four in the lead. They gained in the latter half and the game closed 36 to 24. The Columbia club gracefully submitted, and every body left for home, good feeling prevailing.

Subscribers to the News who live in distant States are requested to watch the label on their paper and if their paid time is out to send in a remittance without further delay. Those from a distance, who are not taking the News are requested to subscribe. The News will tell you about your people left in Adair and adjoining counties.

The open session of the Epworth League drew a large congregation to the Methodist church Sunday night at 6.15. The program of making talks, the aim and purposes of the League and testimonies were evidences of their good works. The landing of the pilgrims, their unique costumes and song were of special interest.

There are several hundred subscribers to the Adair County News whose time is out and we want them to renew at once. The New Year will soon be here and we want to start the year of 1922 with all our old subscribers and as many new ones as possible. It will be our intention to give all the news worth reading during the year 1922.

A Man To His Mate

By
J. ALLEN DUNN

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Littering on the San Francisco water, Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a blind man, a giant in size, who asks Rainey to lead him to the sealing schooner Karluk. The blind man tells Rainey he is an old shipmate of Captain Simms of the Karluk and desires to make his visit a surprise. He asks Rainey to lead him aboard, and Rainey does so. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind on an ice floe, and denounces him for what he calls his ingratitude. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician, drugs Rainey.

CHAPTER II.—Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnapped because, having learned the object of the expedition, he might have divulged it and frustrated the plans of the voyagers. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey, seeing nothing else to be done, declares himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes."

CHAPTER III.—Rainey, having a slight knowledge of seamanship, is made second mate of the vessel. Captain Simms is in exceedingly poor health, and the navigation of the ship is entirely in the hands of Doctor Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is arranged between the "hunters" aboard, the vessel being ostensibly on a sealing expedition. Lund, although blind, demonstrates he can shoot "by sound." The hunters having emptied their revolvers, Carlsen tells them there are no more shells on board.

CHAPTER IV.—Watching the pursuit of a whale by its natural enemies, the vessel is mishandled and narrowly escapes disaster. In the confusion the ship's boy, Sandy, is swept overboard. Rainey rescues him, earning his gratitude and incidentally the admiration of Peggy. The captain's illness seems about to have a fatal ending.

CHAPTER V.—Lund mistrusts the hunters and urges Rainey to "pump" Sandy and gain a knowledge of their plans. Sandy tells him Carlsen is creating a feeling that all on board, with the exception of him and the Japanese cook, Tamada, should have an equal share of the gold, which was not the original plan. Rainey and Carlsen quarrel and the latter draws a revolver. Rainey overpowers him. Lund is of opinion that Carlsen is keeping the captain ill and is playing to secure the gold, and incidentally Peggy, for himself. Tamada, evidently a Japanese of education and far above the position of cook on such a vessel as the Karluk, is an unknown quantity.

CHAPTER VI.—An interview Rainey has with Tamada does not throw much light on the position of the Jap, though Rainey is inclined to believe he has no sinister intentions and would prefer to side with Lund and Rainey rather than with Carlsen and the hunters. Lund is doubtful, but tells Rainey he has a trump card in his possession which will enable him to frustrate any sinister plans which Carlsen may have made. They sight land and arrangements are made for a conference to decide on the sharing of the gold. Carlsen, knowing that Lund would insist on Rainey's being present in an advisory capacity to the blind man, invites Rainey to attend.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that Rainey is to see the skipper, who Carlsen declares is in no condition to join the gathering. Rainey finds the captain seemingly at the point of death. Peggy confides to him that she distrusts Carlsen and fears he is actually slowly killing her father. The conference begins with a general feeling of tension. Carlsen makes the assertion that all on board, with the exception of Tamada and the boy Sandy, being equal, they should share alike. Lund denies the equality, and as the discoverer of the gold demands the chief share. After a bitter quarrel Lund throws off his glasses, announcing the recovery of his sight. Carlsen draws his revolver, but Lund also has a revolver and shoots first. Carlsen is killed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Honest Simms.

Lund growled Rainey with a curt nod. Hansen was still at the helm. The crew on duty were standing about alert, their eyes on Lund. They had found a new master, and they were cowed, eager to do their best.

"I'll show this crew they've got a skipper aboard," said Lund. "How's the cap'n?"

Rainey told him.

"We'll see what we can do for him," said Lund. "He's better off without that fakir, that's a cinch. Called me a murderer," he went on with a good-humored laugh. "Got spunk, she has, and she's a trim bit. A slip of a gal, but she's game. An' good-lookin', eh, Rainey?"

He smiled as if the prospect suited him. A suspicion leaped into Rainey's brain. Lund had said he would not see a decent girl harmed. But the man was changed. He had fought and won, and victory shone in his eyes with a glitter that was humane from sympathy, for all his air of good-nature.

He had said that a man under his skin was just an animal. His appraisal of the girl struck Rainey with apprehension. "To the victor belongs the spoils." Somehow the quotation persisted. What if Lund regarded the girl as legitimate loot? He might have talked differently beforehand, to assure himself of Rainey's support.

And Rainey suddenly felt as if his support had been uncalled upon. A frail need at best. Lund had not needed him; would he need him, save as an aid, not altogether necessary, with Hansen aboard, to run the ship?

He said nothing, but thrust both hands into the side pockets of the pilot coat he had acquired from the ship's stores. The sudden touch of cold steel gave him new courage. He had sworn

to protect the girl. If Lund, seeming more like a pirate than ever, with his cold eyes sweeping the horizon, his bulk casting Rainey's into a dwarf's by comparison, attempted to harm Peggy Simms, Rainey resolved to play the part of champion.

He could not shoot like Lund, but he was armed. He felt the mastery of the man. And he felt incompetent beside him. Lund held the power of life and death, not by brute force alone. He was the only navigator aboard, with the skipper seriously ill. As such alone he held them in his hand, once they were out of sight of land.

"Hansen," said Lund, "Mr. Rainey'll relieve you after we've eaten. Come on, Rainey. You ain't lost your appetite, I hope. Watch me discard that spoon for a knife an' fork. I don't have to play blind man enny longer."

Food did not appeal to Rainey. It was Lund's demeanor that gripped him. The giant dismissed Carlsen as unceremoniously as he might have flipped the ash from a cigar, or tossed the stub overboard.

"I've got to tackle those hunters," Lund said. "I expect trouble there, sooner or later. But I'm goin' to lay down the law to 'em. If they come clean, well an' good, they git their original two shares. If not, they don't get a plugged nickel. An' Denim's the one who'll stir up the trouble, take it from me. I'd jest as soon it was war. I don't see as we can help the skipper much less we try reverse treatment of what Carlsen did—if I knew what that was. If he gits worse she'll let us know, I reckon. See you later."

Rainey took the dismissal and went up to the relief of Hansen. He did not mention what had happened until the Scandinavian referred to it indirectly.

"They put the doc overboard, sir, soon's Mr. Lund an' you bane go below."

It seemed a summary dismissal of the dead, without ceremony. Yet, for



They Put the Doc Overboard, Sir, Soon's Mr. Lund an' You Bane Go Below.

the life to be authentic, Lund must have presided, and the sea-burial service would have been a mockery under the circumstances. It was the best thing to have done, Rainey felt, but he could not avoid a mental shiver at the thought of the man, so lately vital, his brain alive with energy, sliding through the cold water to the ooze to lie there, sodden, swinging with the sub-sea currents until the ocean scavengers claimed him.

"All right, Hansen," he said in answer, and the man hurried off after his extra detail.

Lund came up after a while, and Rainey told him of the fate of Carlsen's body.

"I figured they'd do about that," commented Lund. "They saved he'd aimed to make suckers out of 'em, an' they dumped him. But they ain't on our side, by a long sight. That Denim is a better man than I thought. He's the main grouch among 'em. Said if I hadn't had a gun he'd have tackled me in the cabin. Meant it, too, though I'd have smashed him. He's sore becuz I said he warn't my equal. I told him if he wanted to try it out, I'd accommodate him. He didn't take it up, an' they'll kid him about it. He'll pack a grudge. I ain't afraid of his knifin' me, not while the skipper's sick. They need me to navigate."

"This might be a good chance for me to handle a sextant," suggested Rainey casually.

Lund shook his head, smiling, but his eyes hard.

"Not yet, matey," he said. "Not that I don't trust you, but for me to be the only one, jest now, is a sort of life insurance that suits me to carry. They might figger, if you was able to navigate, that they'd put the screws on you to carry 'em through, with me out of the way. I don't say they could, but they might make it hard for you, an' you ain't got quite the same stake in this I have."

Here was cold logic, but Rainey saw the force of it. Hansen came up early to split the watch and put their schedule right again, and Lund went below with Rainey. Lund ordered Tamada to bring a bottle and glasses, and they sat down at the table. Rainey needed the kick of a drink, and took one.

As Lund was raising his glass with a toast of "Here's to luck," the skipper's door opened and the girl appeared. She looked like a ghost. Her

hair was disheveled and her eyes stared at them without seeming recognition. But she spoke, in a flat, toneless voice.

"My father is dead! I—" she faltered, swayed and seemed to swoon as she sank toward the floor. Rainey darted forward, but Lund was quicker and swooped her up in his arms as if she had been a feather, took her to the table, set her in a chair, dabbed a napkin in some water and applied it to her brows.

"Chafe her wrists," he ordered Rainey. "Undo that top button of her blouse. That's enough; she ain't got on corsets. She'll come through. Plumb worn out. That's all."

He handled her, deftly as a nurse would a child. Rainey chafed the slender wrists and beat her palms, and soon she opened her eyes and sighed. Then she pulled away from Lund, bending over her, and got to her feet. "I must go to my father," she said. "He is dead."

They followed her into the cabin and Lund bent over the bunk.

"Looks like it," he whispered to Rainey. Then he tore open the skipper's vest and shirt and laid his hand on his chest. The girl made a faint motion as if to stop him, but did not hinder him. She was at the end of her own strength from weariness and worry. Lund suddenly raised his head.

"There's a flutter," he announced. "He ain't gone yet. Get Tamada an' some brandy."

With the dose there came signs of revival, a low moan from the skipper. The girl flew to his side. Tamada, standing by with the bottle, stepped forward, handed the brandy to Rainey, and rolled up the lid of an eye, looking closely at the pupil.

"I study medicine at Tokyo," he said.

"Why didn't ye say so before?" demanded Lund. It did not occur to any of them to doubt Tamada's word. There was an air of professional assurance and an efficiency about him that carried weight. "What can you do for him? There's a medicine chest in Carlsen's room."

"I was hired to cook," said Tamada quietly. "I should not have been permitted to interfere. It is not my business if a white man makes a fool of himself. Now we want morphine and hypodermic syringe."

Tamada rolled up the captain's sleeve. The flesh, shrunken, pallid, was closely spotted with dot-like scars that showed livid, as if the captain had been suffering from some strange rash.

Lund whistled softly. Rainey, too, knew what it meant. The skipper had been a veritable slave to the drug. Carlsen had administered it, prescribed it, used it as a means to bring Simms under his subjection.

"How much d'ye suppose he took at once?" Lund asked the Japanese in a low voice.

"Fifteen grains, I think. Maybe more. Too much! Always too much drug in his veins. Much worse than opium for man."

"Carlsen's work," growled Lund. "Increased the stuff on him till he couldn't do without it. Made him a slave to dope an' Carlsen his boss. He deserved killin' jest for that, the skunk."

Rainey frantically searched through the medicine chest and, finding only five tablets marked Morphine 1 gr. in a bottle, sought elsewhere in vain. And he could find no needle. But he ran across some automatic cartridges and put them in his pockets before he hurried back.

"This is not enough," said Tamada. "And we should have needle. But I dissolve these in galley." And he hurried out. The girl had slipped down on



The Girl Had Slipped Down on Her Knees Beside the Bed.

her knees beside the bed, holding her father's hand against her lips, her eyes closed. She seemed to be praying.

Tamada administered the morphine. The beneficial results were apparent. The dry, frightfully hollow skin had changed and Simms was breathing freely, while Tamada, feeling his pulse, nodded affirmatively to the girl's questioning glance.

"We'll have to put in to Unalaska," Rainey said. "There are doctors there." The girl turned toward Lund. He smiled at the intensity of her gaze and posed.

"I play fair, Miss Peggy," he said. "Rainey, change the course."

The Karluk came about as Rainey reached the deck and gave his orders. Then he returned to the cabin. The captain had opened his eyes.

"Peggy!" he murmured. "Carlsen, where is he? Lund! Good God, Lund, you can see?"

"Keep quiet as you can," said Tamada. Something in his voice made the skipper shift his look to the Japanese.

"Where's Carlsen?" he asked again. "He can't come now," said Tamada. Under the urge of the drug the skipper's brain seemed abnormally clear, his intuition heightened.

"Carlsen's dead?" he asked. Then, shifting to Lund: "You killed him, Jim?"

Lund nodded.

"How much morphine did you give me?"

"Five grains."

"It's not enough. It won't last. There isn't any more?" he flashed out, with sudden energy, trying to raise himself. "I'll be gone in an hour or two. Got to talk while this lasts, Jim—about leavin' you that time. I could have come back. I had words about it—with Hansen. He knows. But the gale was bad, an' the ice. It wasn't the gold, Jim. I swear it. I had the ship an' crew to look out for. An' Peggy, at home."

"I might have gone back sooner, Jim, I'll own up to that. But it wasn't the gold that did it. An'—I didn't hear what you shouted, Jim. The storm came up. We were frozen by the time we found the ship. Numb."

"Jim, this trouble hit me the day after we left the floe. Not sciatica, at first, but in the head. I couldn't think right. I was just numb in the brain. An' when it cleared off, it was too late. The ice had closed. We couldn't go back. I read up in my medical book, Jim, later, when the sciatica took me."

"Had to take to my bunk. Couldn't stand. I had morphine, an' it relieved me. Took too much after a while. Had to have it. Got better in San Francisco for a bit. Then Carlsen prescribed it. Morphine was my boss, an' then Carlsen, he was boss of the morphine. Seemed like—seemed like—"

His voice was weaker when he spoke again. They came closer to catch his whispers.

"Carlsen—mind wasn't my own. Peggy—I wasn't in my right mind, honey. Not when—Carlsen—he was angel when he gave me what I wanted—devil—when he wouldn't. Made me—do things. But he's dead. And I'm going. Never reach Unalaska. Peggy—forgive. Meant for best—but—not in right mind. Jim—it wasn't the gold. Not Peggy's fault—anyway."

"She'll get hers, Simms," said Lund. "Yours too."

The skipper's eyes closed and his frame settled under the clothes. The girl flung herself on the bed in uncontrollable weeping. Lund raised his eyebrows at Tamada, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Better get out o' here," whispered Lund. He and Rainey went out together. In a few minutes Tamada joined them, his face sphinxlike as ever.

"He is dead," he said.

Rainey and Lund went on deck. The schooner thrashed toward the volcano, the bearing-mark for Unalaska, hidden behind it. They paced up and down in silence.

"I guess he was 'Honest Simms,' after all," said Lund at last. "The gal blames me for the morphine, but Carlsen never meant him to live. She'll see that after a bit, mebbe."

Rainey glanced at him curiously. He was getting fresh lights on Lund.

Then the girl appeared, pale, composed, coming straight up to Lund, who halted his stride at sight of her.

"Will you change the course, Mr. Lund?" she said. "Father spoke once more. After you left. He does not want to go on to Unalaska. He said it would mean a rush for the gold; perhaps you would have to stay there. He does not want you to lose the gold. He wants me to have my share. He made me promise. And he wants—she bit her lip fiercely in repression of her feelings—"to be buried at sea. That was his last request."

She turned and looked over the rail, struggling to wink back her tears. Rainey saw the giant's glance sweep over her, full of admiration.

"As you wish, Miss Peggy," he said. "Hansen, 'bout ship. Hold on a minute. How about you, Miss Peggy? If you want to go home, we can find ways at Unalaska. I play fair. I'll bring back yore share—in full."

"I am not thinking about the gold," the girl said scornfully. "But I want to carry out my father's last wishes, if you will permit me. I shall stay with the ship. Now I am going back to him. You—you"—she quelled the tremble of her mouth, and her chin showed firm and determined—"you can arrange for the funeral tomorrow at dawn, if you will. I want him tonight."

Her face quivered piteously, but she conquered even that and walked to the companionway.

"Game, by Heaven, game as they make 'em!" said Lund.

CHAPTER IX.

Denim Breaks an Arm.

Rainey, dozing in his bunk, going over the sudden happenings of the day, had placed Carlsen's automatic under his pillow after loading it. He found that it lacked four shells of full capacity, the two that Lund had fired at his bottle target, the one fired by Carlsen at Rainey, and the last ineffective shot at Lund, a shot that went astray. Rainey decided, largely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

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France has 'Blue Beard.'

Versailles, France. — Henri Landru, the twentieth century Don Juan, went on trial here.

Known as the "blue beard of Gambals Vill," Landru was to plead to the charge of murdering eleven of the 283 women, of all ages, who are alleged to have become betrothed to him.

The trial, in France, far overshadows the Washington arms conference as far as excitement is concerned. It got under way after an investigation lasting two years and a half of the strangest case in modern criminal history.

Landru is 50 years of age with heavy features and squatty figure, a shining bald pate and bushy black beard—in fact the exact antithesis of the legendary Don Juan—will be pictured by the prosecution as having lured a veritable army of women, mostly wealthy widows, ranging in age from 20 to 60 for their fortunes.

Matrimonial advertisements

are alleged to have been the agency through which he worked. He is said to have induced each of his victims to convert her wealth into cash. Meeting her in Paris he would purchase two railroad tickets to Gambals. Records will be produced to show that he always purchased only one return ticket.

Most of the women to whom the modern Don Juan is alleged to have been betrothed, disappeared. The evidence against him is circumstantial. Three pounds of charred bones taken from the villa and alleged by experts to be human will be produced in court. The prosecution also will introduce Landru's note book in which he is said to have entered minute particulars regarding his various experiences.

The former Madame Landru, in an interview, declared she did not believe him guilty of the charges against him, and pointed out that the stove in which the alleged human bones were found was too small to admit a human body.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

through Lund's coup-de-theatre of tearing off his glasses and flinging them at the doctor.

The dynamo that he had idly fancied he could hear purring away inside of Lund was apparent with vengeance now, driving with full force. Lund had brains, cunning, brute force that commanded a respect not all bred of being weaker. In a way he was magnificent. And Rainey vaguely heralded trouble when Captain Simms was at last given to the deep. He felt certain that the hunters under Deming were hatching something but, in the main, his mental prophecy of trouble coming was connected with the girl.

On the border of dreams he was brought back by a strange noise on deck, a rush of feet, many voices, and tipping them all, the bellow of Lund, roaring, not for help, but in challenge.

Rainey, half asleep, jumped from his bunk and rushed out of the room. He had no doubt as to what had happened; the hunters had attacked Lund! And, unused to the possession of firearms, still drowsy, he forgot the automatic, intent upon rallying to the cry of the giant. As he made for the companionway, the girl came out of her father's room.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Lund—hunters!" Rainey called back as he sped up the stairs. He thought he heard a "wait" from her, but the stamping and yelling were loud in his ears, and he plunged out on deck. As he emerged he saw the stolid face of Hansen at the wheel, his pale blue eyes glancing at the set of his canvas and then taking on a glint that turned amidslips.

Lund looked like a bear surrounded by the dog-pack. He stood upright while the six hunters tore and smashed at him. Lund's arms swung like clubs, his great hands plucked at their holds, while he roared volleys of deep-sea, defiant oaths, shaking or striking off a man now and then, who charged back snarlingly to the attack.

Brief though the fight had been when Rainey arrived, there was ample evidence of it. Clothes were torn and faces bloody, and already the men were panting as Lund dragged them here and there, falling, striking, half-smothered, but always coming up from under, like a rock that emerges from the bursting of a heavy wave.

A hunter lunged out heavily and confidently to meet him as the others got Lund to his knees for a fateful moment, piling on top of him, bludgeoning blows with guttural cries of fancied victory.

Rainey's man struck, and the strength of his arm, backed by his hurling weight, broke down Rainey's guard and left the arm numb. The next instant they were at close quarters, swinging madly, rife with the one desire to down the other, to maim, to kill. A blow crashed home on Rainey's cheek, sending him back dazed, striking madly, clutching to stop the piston-like smashes of the hunter clutching him, trying to trip him, hammering at the fierce face above him as they both went down and rolled into the scuppers, tearing at each other.

He felt the man's hands at his throat, gradually squeezing out sense and breath and strength, and threw up his knee with all his force. It struck the hunter fairly in the groin, and he heard the man groan with the sudden agony. But he himself was nearly out. The man seemed to fade away for a second, the choking fingers relaxed, and Rainey gulped for air. His eyes seemed strained from bulging from their sockets in that fierce grip, and there was a fog before them through which he could hear the roar of Lund, sounding like a siren blast that told he was still fighting, still confident.

Rainey saw his face, one red mask of blood and hair, with his agate eyes flaring up with the glory of the fight. He roared no longer, saving his breath. One of the men tackling his legs dropped senseless from the buffet he got on the side of his skull, and Lund's kick sent him scudding across the deck, limp, out of the fight that could not last much longer.

All this came as Rainey, still dazed, helped himself by the skylight toward the companion, going as fast as he could to get his gun. If he did not hurry he was certain they would kill Lund. No man could withstand those odds much longer.

Lund killed, it would be his turn next, and the girl would be left at their mercy. The thought spurred him, clearing his throbbing head, jarred by the smashes of his still senseless opponent who would be coming to before long.

Then he saw the girl, standing by the rail, not crouching, as he had somehow expected her to be, shutting out the sight of the fight with trembling hands, but with her face aglow, her eyes shining, watching, as a Roman maid might have watched a gladiator's combat; thrilled with the spectacle, hands gripping the rail, leaning a little forward. She had no eyes for Rainey, her soul was up in arms, backing Lund. The shine in her eyes was for the strength of his prime manhood, matched against the rest, not as a person, an individual, but as an embodiment of the conquering male.

He got the gun, and he snatched a drink of brandy that ran through his veins like quick fire, revivifying him so that he ran up the ladder and came on deck ready to take a decisive hand.

But he found it no easy matter to risk a shot in that swirling mass. They all seemed to be arm weary. Blows no longer rose and fell. Lund was slowly dragging the dead weight of them all toward the mast. The two men on the deck still lay there. Rainey's opponent was trying to get



Then He Saw the Girl Standing by the Rail.

up, wiping clumsily at the blood on his face, blinded. A man broke loose from the scrimmage, on the opposite side from Rainey, who barely recognized the disheveled figure with the bloody, battered face as Deming. The hunter had managed to get hold of Lund's gun. Rainey's aim was screened by a sudden lunge of the huddle of men. He saw Lund heave, saw his red face bob up, mouth open, roaring once more, saw his leg come up in a tremendous kick that caught Deming's outleveling arm close to the elbow, saw the gleam of the gun as it streaked up and overboard, and Deming staggering back, clutching at his broken limb, cursing with the pain, to bring up against the rail and shout to the seamen:

"Get into it, you d—d cowards! Get into it, and settle him!"

Even in that instant the sarcasm of the cry of "cowards" struck home to Rainey. The next second the girl had jumped by him, a glint of metal in her hand as she brought it out of her blouse. This time she saw him. "Come on!" she cried. And darted between the fighters and the storming figure of Deming, who tried to grasp her with his one good arm, but failed.

Rainey sped after her just as Lund reached the mast. The girl had a nicked pistol in her hand and was threatening the sullen line of irresolute seamen. Rainey with his gun was not needed. He heard Lund shout out in a triumphant cry and saw him battering at the heads of three who still clung to him.

All through the fight Lund had kept his head, struggling to the purpose he had finally achieved, to reach the mast-rack of belaying pins, seize one of the hardwood clubs and, with this weapon, beat his assailants to the deck.

He stood against the mast, his clothes almost stripped from him, the white of his flesh gleaming through the tatters, streaked with blood. Save for his eyes, his face was no longer human, only a mass of flayed flesh and clotted beard. But his eyes were alight with battle and then, as Rainey gazed, they changed. Something of surprise, then of delight, leaped into them, followed by a burning flare that was matched in those of the girl who, with Rainey herding back the seamen, had turned at Lund's yell of victory.

The girl wheeled and fled, dodging behind Tamada, who gave way to let her pass, his ivory features showing no emotion, closing up the fore companionway as Peggy Simms dived below.

Lund did not follow her. Instead, he laughed shortly and appeared to see Rainey for the first time.

"Jumped me, the hunch of 'em!" he said, his chest heaving, his breath coming in spurts from his laboring lungs. "Couldn't use my gun. But I licked 'em, D—n 'em! Equals? H—!"

He seemed to have a clear recollection of the fight. He smiled grimly at Deming, who glared at him, nursing his broken arm, then glanced at the man that Rainey had mastered.

"Did him up, eh? Good for you, matey! You didn't have to use your gun. Jest as well, you might have plucked me. An' the gal had one after all."

He seemed to ruminate on this thought as if it gave him special cause for reflection.

He surveyed the rueful, groaning combatants with the smile of a conqueror, then turned to the seamen.

"Here, you!" he roared, and they jumped as if galvanized into life by the shout. "Chuck a bucket of water over 'em! Chuck water till they get below. Then clean the decks. Off-watch, you're out of this. Below with you, where you belong. Jump!"

"They all fought fair," he went on. "Not a knife out. Only Deming there, when he knew he was licked, tried to git my gun. Yo're yeller, Deming," he said, with contempt that was as if he had spat in the hunter's face. "I thought you were a better man than the rest. But you've got yores. Git down below an' we'll fix you up."

Lund passed his hand over his face. "I'm some mess myself," he said, stretching his great arms. "Give me a five-finger drink, Rainey, afore I clean up. Some scrap. And the gal! Did you see the gal, Rainey?"

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Out of the bloody mask of his face his agate eyes twinkled at Rainey with a sort of good-natured malice. "After this cheery little fracas," said Lund, mopping at his face, "we'll mebbe have a nice quiet, genteel sort of ship. My gun went overboard, didn't it? Better let me have that one you've got, Rainey."

He stretched out his hand for it. Rainey delivered it, reluctantly. There was nothing else to do, but he felt more than ever that the Karuk was henceforth to be a one-man ship, run at the will of Lund.

But the girl, too, had a weapon. He hugged that thought. She carried it for her own protection, and she would not hesitate to use it. What a girl she was! What a woman, rather! Rainey thought of her as one does of a pool that one plumbs with a stone, thinking to find it fairly shallow, only to discover it a gulf with unknown depths and currents, capable of smiling placidness or sudden storm.

CHAPTER X.

The Rifle Cartridges.

The girl did not appear for the evening meal. She had refused Tamada's suggestions through the door. Lund drank heavily, but without any effect, save to sink him in comparative silence, as he and Rainey sat together, after the Japanese had cleared the table.

"We've got to git hold of those cartridges," Lund said, after a long pause. "Carlsen had 'em planted somewhere, an' it's likely in his room. Best thing to do is to chuck 'em overboard. Cheaper to dump the cart-

ridges an' shells than the rifles an' shotguns."

"Where is the magazine?" asked Rainey.

"In the little room aft o' the galley. We'll look there first. Come on."

The strong room of the Karuk was a narrow compartment, heavily partitioned off from the galley and the corridor. There was a lamp there, and Rainey lit it while Lund closed the door behind them. The magazine was quite empty.

"Thorough man, Carlsen," said Lund. "Prepared for a show-down, if necessary. Might have put 'em in the safe. Wonder if he changed the combination? I bet Simms didn't, year in an' out. We'll tackle Carlsen's room next. I don't suppose you looked between the bunk mattresses, did you?"

"I never thought of it," said Rainey. "I didn't imagine there would be more than one."

"I've got a hunch you'll find two on Carlsen's bunk. An' the shells between 'em. He kep' his door locked when he was out of the main cabin an' slep' on 'em nights. That's what I'd be apt to do."

As they came into the main cabin Rainey caught Lund by the arm.

"I'm almost sure I saw Carlsen's door closing," he whispered. "It might have been the shadow."

"But it might not. Shouldn't wonder one of 'em's sneaked in. Saw the cabin empty, an' figgered we'd turned in. While we was in the strong-room."

He took the automatic from his pocket and went straight to the door.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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COLUMBIA, - - KY.

As a result of a meeting held in Louisville by head officers of the Masons it was decided that in addition to building a \$1,000,000 Home there would also be built a magnificent temple for Grand bodies.

An attempt was made to blow up Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France, when an explosive bomb was sent him. The Ambassador and family had just entered their home in Paris when the blast occurred.

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Published On Tuesdays
At Columbia, Kentucky.

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MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the Interest of the City of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY NOV. 22, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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A few weeks ago Judge Rollin Hurt, who is Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election if he was opposed for the nomination by a candidate of his own party. He believed that he was entitled to the same courtesy as was accorded his predecessors. Two candidates have signified that they will run. If Judge Hurt is not before the people of the district it will not be because he fears defeat. He can certainly carry every county in the district but five or six, it matters not who would oppose him. A high minded man, he was expecting the courtesy due him. Bear in mind, that if he is not a candidate for re-election, it would not be because he fears defeat.

Rad Cherry, known as king of the border moonshiners, has been shot and killed by his partner so a dispatch from Tompkinsville states.

The General Baptist Association of Kentucky was held at Hopkinsville last week. There were about five hundred delegates present, and they were handsomely cared for by the good people of Hopkinsville.

Five speakers for the House have already announced their candidacy. About an equal number of candidates have announced for Chairman protem of the Senate. It looks now like there will be lively times at Frankfort this winter.

There was some hope a few days ago of Congress adjourning before Thanksgiving, but that hope has disappeared. Representative Mendell, the Republican leader, has given out that the present session would run up to the 5th of December, the time the regular session opens.

Judge Huston Quin, Mayor elect of Louisville, and member of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, has tendered his resignation as Judge of the States highest Court, and Chas. H. Moorman, has been appointed to succeed Judge Quin on the Bench. Judge Quin will be sworn in as Mayor of Louisville today, Tuesday. Judge Moorman is a brother of Mrs. Willie Hines, of this place. He was a commissioned officer and went overseas. He has the reputation of being a superior lawyer.

The entire Democratic ticket was elected in Taylor county by majorities from 56 to 536. In Green county Democrats made wonderful gains. J. Matt Howell, Democrat was elected Sheriff over T. J. Gorin, Republican, and will become the first Sheriff

Green county for forty years or more. The Democrats also won in the County Judge's race and County Clerk's, and elected four members of the fiscal court. Casey county with a Republican majority of 1,000 or 1,200, elected Oscar Fair, Democrat, County Judge; Attorney, E. E. Moore; Charles M. Wesley, Democrat, was elected Sheriff.

Marshall Foch handles himself exceptionally well in America. So it may be said, did Marshall Joffre before him, and Admiral Beatty, of the English navy, now in this country, seems to be an equally good mixer. Of course Admiral Beatty, during his long years of sea service, has been here often before, and knows all about the country. It is a new thing to the French Marshall, but he is evidently endowed with a strong vein of common sense, which enables him to master all difficulties. The French Marshall is very popular in this country; it is to be doubted, in fact, if any foreigner since Lafayette, also a Frenchman, has been received here with such plaudits. — Louisville Post.

DISARMAMENT.

The attitude of the Democratic party past and present on the policy of the limitations of armaments was well expressed officially in the following resolution adopted at a meeting of the Democratic National Committee at St. Louis on November 1:

Whereas, The people of the United States and the world with enormous taxes due in large part to the preparation for and consequences of war, which the government of the United States expended 93 per cent of its income for wars past, present and future, and

Whereas, The Democratic party inaugurated a policy for the limitation of armaments, first by legislative provision in 1916 and secondly through Article VIII of the covenant of the League of Nations, which was proposed by a Democratic President and incorporated therein as a result of his efforts, and

Whereas, The Democratic minorities in the Senate and in the House, with the aid of Progressive Republicans, forced the administration to call the forthcoming conference on disarmament.

Resolved, That the Democratic National Committee expresses its gratification at the assembling of the Disarmament Conference and further expresses the hope for its complete success.

STATE CENTRAL AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES ACT.

My dear sir:—

In line with the policy adopted by the Democratic State Central and Executive Committees of a square deal for the citizen voters of Kentucky; and within the limitations of the authority vested in me as Chairman of the Committees and the authority of the Committees, you are hereby requested and called to meet at the Seelbach Hotel on the 30th day of November, at two o'clock p. m., for a conference.

We have no more authority than was given us by the Convention from which we derived our powers and which created us, wherefore we can not properly announce new principles or policies, nor can we without usurpa-

tion of authority determine the application of any principle already declared for in party platform to any given condition, and thus bind our Democratic legislators. We can, however, confer upon the abuses of power and failure of the present administration at Frankfort to keep faith with the people, and how these abuses and failures should be met and remedied by the Democratic control of the House and Senate. This the people of the State have demanded by an overwhelming vote in the last election.

We can and should organize and direct together with our Democratic representatives an effort, towards an honest program looking to the enlightened constructive and united handling of party authority in legislative work. This can best be done by a joint conference of our committee, the Democratic members of the Legislature, our Representatives in the United States Congress and Senate, and leading Democrats over the State.

We should attend such a conference with open minds unpledged and unembarrassed by any previous agreement, secret influence or private control. We should at once lift our party above the reproach of the propagandist who would break the faith of the citizens by the insidious suggestions of malign influence or unworthy obligations.

The eyes of the country are upon us. The problems that confront the State have been generously intrusted to us in the majorities of both Houses of the Legislature. We are expected to work out the future of our State in the interest of all the people regardless of party. This should be done with clean hands and we should hold them up where they can be seen. Wherefore this call for the purposes herein indicated.

Very sincerely yours,
Chas. A. Hardin, Chairman.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

The new day has dawned. The new era has arrived. Kentucky farmers are masters of their fate and captains of their soul. Hereafter they can put a fair price upon the product of their tobacco fields, and what is more, approximate it. From now on, they are merchants. No longer are they subject to the caprices of a noncompetitive market. They will control the sale of what is their own.

The pool is a success with a goodly margin above the 75 per cent of total acreage signed. The actual pledging ties up 84 per cent. The workers did their work nobly. The response was magnificent. The change in the marketing system means a revolution. The birth of the co-operative association will be historical. The men who led in the campaign; the patriots who devoted time and energy unstinted to the drive; the alert business men who saw the advantages and labored to see them acquired, have earned their places in the State's industrial hall of fame.

The co-operative burley marketing is an immense affair. It will be the biggest business concern in Kentucky. It is the largest co-operative concern in America. It will have great power and influence, and it will bring

to Kentucky farmers their rightful share of the golden harvest reaped annually from the consumption of a Kentucky product.

The better condition of the farmers will be reflected everywhere throughout the State. The farms, the homes, the towns, the schools and the roads will gain. The new freedom from the strain of ill-paid labor will put high spirit into a discouraged people. The tenant class will now have the opportunity to go forward and onward. Land will increase in value and wages will be better. The payment of taxes will be easier.

For five minutes the delegates at Lexington stood and cheered when the success of the pool was announced. The people of Kentucky will be cheered for years to come by the benefits to be derived from the adoption of the marketing system. The growth toward it will be gradual, but, within the five years contract limit it should be firmly established. — Louisville Times.

Breeding

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Corder and Miss Nina Rupe, of Illinois, are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Several of the young people called on Miss Cordia Fudge, Thursday night for a few hours.

Our town was very much crowded on election day.

Mrs. G. W. Dillon, and son Mr. Rich Dillon, Miss Annie Lee Branham and Miss Anna Loyd, all returned home last Saturday from St. Anthony's. We were glad to see them getting along so well.

Mr. Hermon Roach, of Tolia, and Miss Willia Wood, of this place, surprised their many friends last Friday morning by driving to Columbia and getting married. Miss Wood will be greatly missed in our village.

Mrs. G. T. Simpson is not improving very much at this writing.

Mr. J. W. Rayborn filled his regular appointment here last Sunday with two splendid sermons.

Mr. A. C. Froedge and family motored to Salem last Sunday to meeting.

Mr. G. B. Breeding and wife are on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Traylor are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Reece this week.

We are feeling much better since the cool weather as we are having plenty of fresh meat.

Sioux Name Pershing.

Washington, Nov. 19.—General Pershing hereafter will be known to members of the Sioux Indian tribe as "Brave Eagle." The name was given him at a council of Sioux Indians at the Rosebud Reservation on Armistice Day and was communicated formally today to General Pershing's office in the War Department by Commissioner Burk, of Indian affairs.

The Indian commissioner presented a telegram from Foster Thunder Hawk, at Valentine, Neb., which said: "On Armistice Day the Indians of Rosebud Agency gave General Pershing an Indian name. His name will be Brave Eagle on account of his bravery. He will be known as

ANNOUNCEMENT

The World's Greatest Drink
"COCA-COLA"
Now 5c.

Why Drink Inferior substitutes. Bottled in Sterilized "Safety First" Patent Bottles.

Russell & Taylor, J. L. Wilson and Geo. McLain and Leading Country Merchants Sell it.

Coca-Cola Bottling Works, Inc.
Campbellsville, Ky.

Exclusive Agents.



—is safer for roofing and siding.

The average roll of Lastile Roofing is from 75% to 80% mineral matter.

That makes it easy to understand why it is so enduring and so fire-resisting.

The surface is protected with crushed slate which of course is spark-proof.

Fire underwriters place Lastile in Class C near the top of the eight classifications.

You can have Lastile finished with red or green slate.

Besides being safe and extremely durable, Lastile is the most attractive kind of roll roofing you can lay, is low in cost, easy to apply and requires no painting. Let us know how much surface you have to cover.

DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,
Columbia, Kentucky.

Brave Eagle among the Sioux from now on."

A Measure That Would be Popular

If the Democratic party, which is to control the next session of the Kentucky General Assembly wishes to enact a law that is proper, and overwhelmingly popular at the same time it will repeal the law by which the election of the County Superintendent was taken away from the people.

The people of the State have just spoken in very decisive terms upon the proposal to take the election of State Superintendent away from the people. As the office of County Superintendent comes a great deal nearer home to the citizen than the State Superintendent, there is an even stronger reason why the County should be chosen by popular vote.

The passage of a bill restoring the old system would not only be a just measure, but it would not only be a just measure, but it would be a sagacious political move for the Democrats to make. The law taking the selection of the County Superintendent away from the people was passed by a Republican General Assembly at the instance of Gov. Morrow and Mr. Colvin. Their program has been given a stinging rebuke by the people. Why should not the Democrats at Frankfort this winter do the just as well as the expedient thing, in restoring the people's rights in this instance? — Elizabethtown News.

Congressman Johnson, who is an ex-service man, charged on the floor of the House that spies, traitors and cowards were shot on the front line.

Finding Things in Casey County.

A gold mine has been found in Casey county, at least rock has been found that contains gold. The rock has been found on the lands of Messrs. Sam Napier and Franklin Hamilton, of Grove Ridge section of this county. It was first noticed on Rock that protruded out of a cliff and samples were sent in and this rock was worth \$66 per ton. A shaft was then built and it was found that rock further in was worth \$113 per ton. We are not acquainted with the full particulars about the matter but hope to investigate it more thoroughly. There is said to be plenty of the rock. — Casey County News.

In addition to the 27,000 colored votes polled for the straight Republican ticket in the city of Louisville at the election, 3,000 negro men and women voted the straight Republican ticket in the county outside of the city. Now see how this works out. Mr. Attila Cox, the Democratic nominee for Chancery Court No. 1, was beaten on the face of the returns by 3,000 votes. But 27,000 negroes voted against Mr. Cox in the city 3,000 in the county. Mr. Cox's majority among the white voters of this district was, therefore, exactly 25,000. — Louisville Post.

Judge Bingham, in a signed statement denied a newspaper report that he was a candidate for Governor. He said "I am not a candidate for that or any other office."

Centre College Colonels defeated the strong Auburn team at Birmingham by a score of 21 to 0.

PERSONAL

Mr. R. F. Rowe was quite sick all last week.

Mr. J. S. Lindsey, Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. Alvin Lyon, Campbellsville, was in Columbia Friday.

Mr. Ray Hobson, Campbellsville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. R. C. Borders, Campbellsville, was here a few days ago.

Dr. L. C. Nell, Gradyville, spent last Friday in Columbia.

Mr. Geo. H. Garner, Louisville, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. E. M. Carter, Akron, Ohio, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill spent a day or two in Louisville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sharp are spending this week in Jamestown.

Mr. W. F. Coast, Cincinnati, had business in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. R. H. McCreary, Tompkinsville, had business in Columbia last Friday.

Mr. J. W. Buchanan, of Campbellsville, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. Tyler Marshall, well-known coffee man, was in Columbia recently.

Mrs. Fred Myers and children spent several days of last week in Louisville.

Mr. Omery Webb, of Campbellsville, was a witness in court here last week.

Mr. C. B. Tresenriter, of Taylor county, is visiting relatives in Columbia.

Mr. D. E. Hatcher, a well-known traveler for shoes, etc., was here Monday.

Mr. S. A. Noe, Lebanon, made a business trip to this place last Thursday.

Mr. J. L. Wilson, druggist at Greensburg, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. Frank F. Sneed and Mr. W. C. Semple, Louisville, were in Columbia a few days since.

Mr. Ewing Stults, of Louisville, was here last week, visiting his parents and winging birds.

Messrs. F. A. Buchanan and E. R. Mills, Newport, Ky., were at the Jeffries Hotel Thursday.

Miss Leech, of Louisville, who nursed Mr. J. O. Russell for four weeks, has returned home.

Messrs. Jule Gaskin, Jule Kimble and J. D. Grider, Russell Springs were here a few days since.

Mr. H. B. Ingram's condition has improved very slowly in the last ten days. He is quite a sick man.

Messrs. E. E. Wallace, Vernon Shuffett and Philson Smith, Greensburg, were here a few days since.

Mr. J. H. Sanders and Mr. W. O. Hendrickson, music dealers, Campbellsville, were here a few days ago.

Mr. Zarfas Kimbler, brother of Mr. G. B. Kimbler, came home from Frankfort, to visit his mother, in Russell county.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tuney, of Danville, were with relatives here several days of last week. Mr. Tuney spent most of his time hunting.

Miss Rachel Coffey was confined to her home several days last week, an eruption appearing on one of her feet, blood poison setting up.

Attorneys J. F. Montgomery, L. C. Winfrey, Gordon Montgomery and J. R. Garnett attended the special term of circuit court at Jamestown.

Mr. J. O. Russell walked to the square last Sunday and entered the store Russell & Co. His wife and Mrs. R. V. Bennett accompanied him.

Miss Jennie Garnett left for Louisville last Friday morning, to be present at the Garnett-Gayle Wedding which will occur tomorrow night at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Geo. L. Wolford, a prominent citizen of Casey Creek, and Mr. T. O. Morton, the very efficient cashier of the Farmers Bank, that place, were here Wednesday.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps, Secretary of the Republican State Committee, was here from Louisville last Wednesday morning, en route for Jamestown, to attend a special term of Circuit court.

The News \$1.50 in Ky.

Hunters from a distance, claim that quail are very scarce in this county. Only a few have been killed.

Sam Frank Harvey got a judgment for \$50 against Elrod & Co., on a contract.

Frances M. Hale and Valeria Sullivan; Owen Simpson and Clemmie Caffee procured licenses to marry last week.

In the suit of B. O. Hurt against Ashbrook, suing for a breach of contract, Hurt got a judgment for \$200. He sued for \$280.

Beginning to-night, there will be basket ball games every evening the rest of the week. Monticello and Campbellsville will be here.

Mr. J. O. Russell was motored over town last Tuesday. He stated that he enjoyed the ride, and his friends thought that it was beneficial.

S. D. Barbee sold twenty-eight acres of land, back of the premises, owned by Frank Shepherd, on Greensburg street, to Brack Massie, at \$50 per acre.

Kentucky's 1921 total production of tobacco of all types is estimated at 20 percent less than in 1920, and the state's corn crop this year 15 percent less than last year.

Judge C. A. Hardin was in a wreck while en route from Harrodsburg to Stanford. His car turned over and was considerably damaged. The Judge was not hurt.

The new bridge to span Rollingfork at New Market, will not be built until Spring. By that time the citizens of Marion county expect to get some aid from the government.

Judge Carter is now holding a special term of circuit court in Jamestown. Several civil cases were docketed to be tried, and also J. W. Voils for killing a colored man.

The Lindsey boys met a signal defeat at Monticello last Saturday night. The game terminated 76 to 12. The boys returned home sick, crippled and tired, but able to move about.

At the term of circuit court, just closed, Bob Bohannon, charged with selling liquor, was fined \$50 and given ten days. Jas. Bohannon drew 30 days upon a charge of petty larceny.

Messrs. Howard, Talley and Poff, of Illinois, are moving a rig on the Geo. Atkins farm near Milltown and will begin drilling in a few days. Mr. O. C. Fink, of this place, will superintend this work.

Since the election, opinions are being expressed about this town that when our very efficient postmaster, Mr. N. T. Mercer, goes out of office, he will be succeeded by a dark horse. The applicant is sawing wood and saying nothing.

The pie supper at the Graded School Gym, last Friday night, drew a large crowd, and pies sold well. There was voting contest, and Miss Allene Neil was awarded the premium for the prettiest girl. The basket ball game the Seniors against the Juniors terminated in favor of the former.

Mr. N. T. Mercer, our post master, made a trip over portions of Russell county, stopping one night at the Darnell Hotel, Russell Springs. He requests us to say for him that there is no better equipped hotel in any country town in Kentucky. It has water works and all other modern fixtures.

Value of Lands.

In the report of the state Tax Commission Nov. 1, showing the land values per acre for last years assessment.

Adair Co.	\$ 14.66
Cumberland	15.33
Casey	18.76
Green	15.43
Metcalfe	13.41
Taylor	17.05
Russell	12.98
Clinton	13.51
Wayne	14.35

Mr. M. C. Winfrey has been appointed trustee of the Jury fund of Adair county. He succeeds Mr. J. O. Russell. He was appointed by Judge Carter at the last term of the Adair circuit court.

Mrs. J. R. White Dead.

Campbellsville, Ky. Nov. 1921.

Editor News:— I wish you would kindly insert the following in your next issue.

Mrs. Sarah White, wife of J. R. White, of this city, died Monday at one o'clock at her home on Jackson St., after an illness of a few months. Mrs. White was 68 years of age and a consistent member of the Christian Church. She joined the church at Cane Valley, Adair county, when she was quite young.

The funeral services were held at the Christian Church, Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock. The Rev. J. P. Bornwasser preached the sermon. The interment was in the Brookside Cemetery.

Mrs. White is survived by her husband and four children, two daughters, Addie and Versie, and two sons, Eddie and Lee.

We wish to extend our sincerest thanks to our friends and neighbors who were so good to us during our trouble.

Mr. J. R. White and children.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good; therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

DESPAIR LURKS

IN WEAK BLOOD

Gude's Pepto-Mangan, the Blood Builder. Arouses Dull Faculties.

Many a man and many a woman feels all out of sorts from thin, weakened blood. The least little thing gone wrong throws them into a wild form of despondency. Instead of bracing up and meeting ordinary difficulties, they are downed. Nerves are on edge. Appetite lags. Sleep is restless. They are weak and tired and dull. Poor blood works its havoc till the will loses its power. Few people who fall into habits of worry and despondency realize that most of their troubles are due to lack of endurance—to blood that has become weakened by overwork or straining.

Healthy men and women with rich, red blood see things brightly. They tackle life with zest and go along smilingly, full of eagerness and endurance.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan taken steadily restores the blood to its natural richness. It actually makes red corpuscles, the tiny particles in blood which make it red. Druggists have Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid and tablet form.—Advertisement.

Mr. Finis Harvey has received, by express, a Silver fox. It arrived in good condition, and in a short time Mr. Harvey will have it on exhibition in Columbia. It was shipped from the State of New York.

Springfield, Illinois.

Nov. 10th, 1921.

Editor News:—

I get the good paper and greatly appreciate the good news and would like very much to hear from many of the people by letter anytime they find time to write and I assure them I will be glad to answer, and more than glad to hear any news from the good old State.

I had the pleasure of seeing and talking with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fletcher, who recently came from Columbia to Loami, Illinois. They like fine out here

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

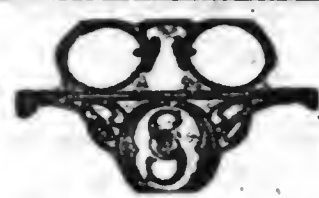
Dr. J. N. Murrell

DENTIST

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY



Southern Optical Company

Incorporated

Spectacles and Eye Glasses

Kryptok

(Invisible bifocal lens)

Artificial Eyes

FOURTH and CHESTNUT, Louisville, Ky.

and are very happy over their grandchild which recently arrived in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Hettie Lee Alexander, who has lived at Loami for several years.

I am well and happy and have a good position with The Markwood Weight Motor Company.

Everyone is enjoying the fine weather here and are certainly making good use of it. The farmers are getting along fine husking corn. Corn is selling very cheap now on account of the abundant crop this year. The average price is about twenty-eight cents per bushel. Fruit was not so plentiful this fall.

Will close with best wishes for one and all and hope this will be very Merriest Christmas for the people of Adair county and the good old State.

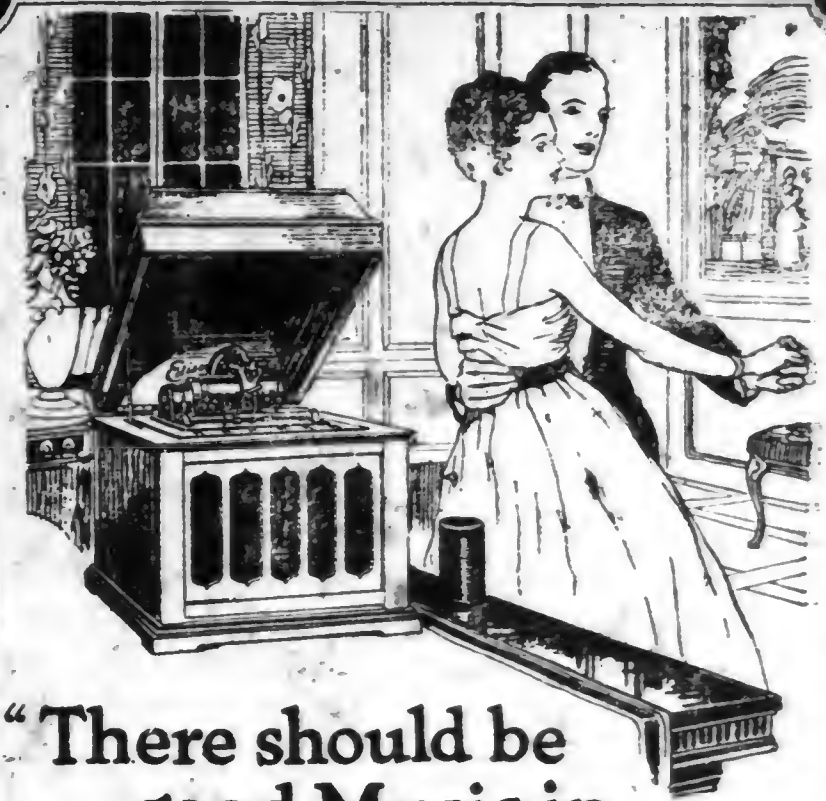
Yours respectfully,

Elizabeth Bardin.

Proposals for a general registration law in Kentucky deserve to be examined on their merits, and neither accepted nor put aside lightly. We have made progress in Kentucky in the past ten years in the matter of honest elections, but there have been some slipbacks. The Senatorial election in Govington and Newport last year was tainted with fraud, and undoubtedly there was fraud in some parts of the mountains at the same election. This year we had a quiet election in Louisville, but, on the face of the registration, there can be but little doubt that two of three thousand illegal names of colored voters were placed on the registration books. How much a general registration law would accomplish to prevent frauds of this kind is not certain. It certainly would accomplish something, and it is difficult to see how it could do any harm. It is a mistake to believe that the problem of honest elections can ever be completely solved. Eternal vigilance is needed.—Louisville Post.

Two parts of pork fat to one of beef fat form an excellent mixture in which to fry doughnuts.

Take a strip of adhesive plaster write name and address in ink, and stick inside of your umbrella.



"There should be good Music in every HOME"

—Thomas A. Edison

THINK of the pleasure of enjoying good music whenever you want it.

—Think of the Winter evenings made cheery with the lively music of Broadway—the haunting popular ballads—the inspiring music of grand opera—sung and played by the world's great artists!

—Think of the endless entertainment afforded by Mr. Edison's

NEW DIAMOND AMBEROLA

—the perfected musical instrument which has earned for itself the title of "The World's Greatest Phonograph Value."

—The Amberola is not an ordinary "talking machine" in the music and general quality it actually surpasses high-priced "talking machines." Because the Diamond Point Reproducer does away with the bother and expense of changing needles, and because the famous Amberol Records are practically indestructible, the Amberola is the most economical phonograph in the world.

Three Days of Good Music, FREE!

Come in today and hear the Amberola. Ask us about Mr. Edison's offer to deliver the Amberola to your home for a three day trial, without cost or obligation to you. If unable to call, write or phone us.

HERBERT TAYLOR
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

Patronize Home Industry

BY

Buying your Gasoline at Home, where it is Produced, Refined and Sold by a Company who spend Their Money in Developing your County.

Give it a trial and Buy CUMBERLAND KING GASOLINE, also try their KEROSENE. Sold by their Agents at Columbia, Russell Springs, Dunnville and other points.

Write or Phone

The Carnahan Oil Refining Co.

C. J. Davis, Mgr.

Creelsboro, Kentucky.

Ball Band Rubber Foot Wear

I Have a Full Stock of Boots, Rubber Shoes, High and Low Top Shoes and Light Weight Rubbers. Prices Right.

L. M. SMITH
Cane Valley, Kentucky.

Lindsey - Wilson Training School

Prepares for College of Life

Courses in High School, Grads,

Music and Expression, Athletics

Rates \$162.00 a Year.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 6, 1921.

R. V. Bennet, Prin. - - Columbia, Ky.

Advertise in The News if you wish to sell or buy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

of Carlson's room. It was locked or barred from within.

"The fool!" said Lund. "I've got a good mind to let him stay there till the swallows come of the drugs to fill his belly." He rapped on the panel with the butt of the gun.

"Come on out before I start trouble."

There was no answer. Lund looked uncertainly at Rainey.

"I hate to start a rumpus ag'in," he said, jerking his head toward the skipper's room. "Count of her. Reckon the can stay there till after we've heard Simms. He's safe enough."

Rainey was a little surprised at this show of thoughtfulness, but he did not remark on it. He was beginning to think pretty constantly of late that he had underestimated Lund.

The giant's hand dropped automatically to the handle as if to assure himself of the door being fast. Suddenly it opened wide, a black gap, with only the gray eye of the porthole staring them. Lund had brought up the muzzle of his pistol to the height of a man's chest, but there was nothing to oppose it.

"Hidin', the d-n fool! What kind of a game is this? Come out of there," something scuttled on the floor of the room—then darted swiftly out between the legs of Lund and Rainey, on all fours, like a great dog. Curious, it sprawled on the floor with a white face and pop-eyes, with hands outstretched in pleading, knees drawn up to some ludicrous attempt at protection, calling shrilly, in the voice of Simms:

"Don't shoot, sir! Please don't shoot!"

Lund reached down and jerked the roustabout to his feet, half strangling



"Don't Shoot, Sir! Please Don't Shoot!"

him with his grip on the collar of the man's shirt, and flung him into a chair.

"What were you doin' in there?"

Sandy gulped convulsively, feeling as his scraggy throat, where an Adam's apple was working up and down. Speech was scared out of him, and he could only roll his eyes at them.

"You d-d young traitor!" said Lund. "I'll have you keelhaused for this! Out with it, now. Who sent you?"

"You've got him frightened half to death," intervened Rainey. "They probably scared him into doing this. Didn't they, Sandy?"

The lad blinked, and tears of sympathy rolled down his grimy cheeks. The relief of them seemed to unstopper his voice. That, and the kinder quality of Rainey's questioning.

"Deming! He said he'd cut my bloody heart out if I didn't do it. Him an' Beale. Lookit."

He plucked aside the front of his almost buttonless shirt and worn undershirt and showed them on his left breast the scarring where a sharp blade had marked an irregular circle on his skin.

"Beale did that," he whined. "Deming said they'd finish the job if I come back without 'em."

"Without the shells?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Rainey. Oh, God, they'll kill me sure! Oh, my God!" His staring eyes and loose mouth, working in fear, made him look like a fresh-landed cod.

"You ain't much use alive," said Lund.

"Mebbe I ain't," returned the lad, with the desperation of a cornered rat. "But I got a right to live. And I've lived worse'n a dog on this bloody schooner. I'm fair striped an' bleached w' boots an' knuckles an' ends of rope. I'd ave chucked myself over long ago if—"

"What?"

"The lad turned sullen.

"Never mind," he said, and glared almost defiantly at Lund.

"Is that door shut?" the giant asked Rainey. "Some of 'em might be hangin' round." Rainey went to the corridor and closed and locked the entrance.

"Now then, you young devil," said Lund. "What they did to you for'd make a marker on what I'll do to you if you don't speak up an' answer when I talk. If what?"

Sandy turned to Rainey.

"They said they was goin' to give me some of the gold," he said. "They said all along I was to have the hat go 'round for me. I told you I was

dragged up, but there's—there's an old woman who was good to me. She's up ag'in it for fair. I told her I'd bring her back some dough an' if I can hang on an' git it, I'll hang on. But they'll do me up, now, for keeps."

Rainey heard Lund's chuckle ripen to a quiet laugh.

"I'm d-d if they ain't some guts to the herrin' after all," he said. "Hang in on to take some dough back to an old woman who ain't even his mother. Who'd have thought it? Look here, my lad. I was dragged up the same way, I was. An' I hung on. But you'll never git a cent out of that bunch. I don't know as they'll have any to give you."

His face hardened. "But you come through, an' I'll see you git somethin' for the old woman. An' yoreself, too. What's more, you can stay at an' wait on cabin. If they lay a finger on you, I'll lay a fist on them, an' worse."

"You ain't kiddin' me?"

"I don't kid, my lad. I don't waste time that way."

Sandy stood up, his face lighting. He began to empty his pockets, laying shells and shotgun cartridges upon the table.

"I couldn't begin to git half of 'em," he said. "The rest's under the mattresses. They said they only needed a few. I thought you was both turned in. When you come out of the corridor, I was scared nutty."

Between the mattresses, as Lund had guessed, they found the rest of the shells, laid out in orderly rows save where the lad's scrambling fingers had disturbed them. Lund stripped off a pillow-case and dumped them in, together with those on the table.

"You can bunk here," he told the grateful Sandy. "Now I'll have a few words with Deming, Beale and company. Want to come along, Rainey?"

Lund strode down the corridor, hazy in one hand, his gun in the other. Rainey threw open the door of the hunters' quarters and discovered them like a lot of conspirators. Deming was in his bunk; also another man, whose ribs Lund had cracked when he had kicked him along the deck out of his way. The bruised faces of the rest showed their effects from the fight. As Lund entered, covering them with the gun, while he swung down the heavy slip on the table with a clatter, their looks changed from eager expectation to consternation.

"Caught with the goods," said Lund. "Two tries at nuttin' in one day, my lads. You want to git it into your boneheads that I'm runnin' this ship from now on. I can sail it without ye and, by God, I'll set the bunch of ye ashore same's you figgered on doin' with me if you don't sit up an' take notice! The rifles an' guns"—he glanced at the orderly display of weapons in racks on the wall—"are too vallyble to chuck over, but here go the shells, ev'ry last one of them. So that nips that little plan, Deming."

He turned back the slip to display the contents.

"Open a port, Rainey, an' heave the lot out."

Rainey did so while the hunters gazed on in silent chagrin.

"There's one thing more," said Lund, grinning at them. "If enny of you saw a man hurtin' a dog, you'd probably fetch him a wallop. But you don't think ennythin' of scarin' the life out of a half-baked kid an' markin' up his hide like a patchwork quilt. That kid's stayin' aft' after this. One of you monkey with him, an' you'll do just what he's bin doin', wish you was dead an' overboard."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door, Rainey following.

The girl kept below and seldom came out of her cabin, Tanada serving her meals in there. Rainey could see Lund's resentment growing at this attitude that seemed to him normal enough, though it might present difficulty later if persisted in. But the morning that they headed up through Sequam pass between the spouting reefs of Sequam and Amalia islands, she came on deck and went forward to the bows, taking in deep breaths of the bracing air and gazing north to the free expanse of Bering strait.

Rainey left her alone, but Lund welcomed her as she came back aft.

"Glad to see you on deck again, Miss Peggy," he said. "You need sun and air to git you in shape again."

"How far have we yet to go?" she asked.

"Almost a thousand miles to the strait proper," said Lund. "The Nome-Alaska steamer lane lies to the east. Runs close to the Pribilofs, three hundred miles north, with Hull an' St. Matthew three hundred further. Then comes St. Lawrence Isle, plumb in the middle of the strait, with Siberia an' Alaska closin' in."

He was keen to hold her in conversation, and she willing to listen, assenting almost eagerly when he offered to point out their position on the chart, spread on the cabin table. Lund talked well, for all his limited and at times luridly inclined vocabulary, whenever he talked of the sea and of his own adventures, stating them without brag, but bringing up striking pictures of action, full of color and savor of life in the raw. From that time on Peggy Simms came to the table and talked freely with Lund, more conservatively with Rainey.

The girl, Rainey decided, was humoring Lund, seeking to know how with her feminine methods she might control him, keep him within bounds. Her coldness, it seemed, she had cast aside as an expedient that might prove too provoking and worthless.

And Rainey's valuation of her resources increased. She was handling her woman's weapons admirably, yet when he sometimes, at night, under the cabin lamp, saw the quivering

light glowing in Lund's acute eyes, he knew that she was playing a dangerous game.

"What d'ye figger on doin' with yore share, Rainey?" Lund asked him the night that they passed Nome. It was stormy weather in the strait, and the Karluk was snuggled down under treble reefs, fighting her way north. The cabin was cozy, with a stove going. Peggy Simms was busied with some sewing, the canary and the plants gave the place a domestic atmosphere, and Lund, smoking comfortably, was eminently at ease.

"Cordin' to the way the men figgered it out," he went on, "though I reckon they're under the mark more'n over it, you'll have forty thousand dollars. That's quite a windfall, though nothin' to Miss Peggy, here, or me, for that matter. I s'pose you got it all spent already."

"I don't know that I have," said Rainey. "But I think, if all goes well, I'll get a place up in the Coast Range, in the redwoods looking over the sea, and write. Not newspaper stuff, but what I've always wanted to. Stories. Yarns of adventure."

"Goin' to write second-hand stuff?" asked Lund. "Why don't you live what you write? I don't see how you're goin' to git under a man's skin by squatin' in a bungalow with a Jap servant, a porcelain bathtub, an' breakfast in bed. Why don't you travel an' see stuff as it is? How in blazes are you goin' to write adventure if you don't live it?"

"Me, I'm goin' to git a schooner built accordin' to my own ideas. Have a kicker engine in it, mebbe, an' go round the world. What's the use of livin' on it an' not knowin' it by sight? Books and pictures are all right in their way, I reckon, but while my riggin' holds up, I'm for travel. Mebbe I'll take a group of islands down in the South seas after a bit an' make somethin' out of 'em. Not jest copra an' pearl-shell, but cotton an' rubber."

"A king and his kingdom," suggested the girl.

"Aye, an' mebbe a queen to go with it," replied Lund, his eyes wide open in a look that made the girl flush and



"That's a Man's Life," Went on Lund.

Rainey feel the hidden issue that he felt was bound to come, rising to the surface.

"That's a man's life," went on Lund. "Travel's all right, but a man's got to do somethin', buck somethin', start somethin'."

An' a red-blooded man wants the right kind of a woman to play mate. Polish off his rough edges, mebbe. I'd rather he a rough castin' that could stand filin' a bit, than smooth an' plated. An' when I find the right woman, one of my own breed, I'm goin' to tie to her an' her to me."

"I'm goin' to be rich. They've cleaned up the sands of Nome, but there's others'll be found yit between Cape Hope an' Cape Barry. Meantime, we've got a placer of our own. With plenty of gold they ain't much hilt to what a man can do. I've roughed it all my life, an' I'm not lookin' for ease. It makes a man soft. But—"

He swept the figure of the girl in a pause that was eloquent of his line of thought. She grew uneasy of it, but Lund maintained it until she raised her eyes from her work and challenged his. Rainey saw her breast heave, saw her struggle to hold the gaze, turn red, then pale. He thought her eyes showed fear, and then she stiffened. Almost unconsciously she raised her hand to where Rainey was sure she kept the little pistol, touched something as though to assure herself of its presence, and went on sewing. Lund chuckled, but shifted his eyes to Rainey.

"Why don't you write up this y'age? When it's all over? There's adventure for you, an' we ain't had through with it. An' romance, too, mebbe. We ain't developed much of a love-story as yit, but you never can tell."

He laughed, and Peggy Simms got up quietly, folded her sewing, and said "Good night" composedly before she went to her room.

"How about it, Rainey?" quizzed Lund. "How about the love part of it? She's a beauty, an' she'll be an' hellfire. Ain't you got enny red blood in yore veins? Don't you want her? You won't find many to hold a candle to her. Looks, built like a racin'

yacht, smooth an' speedy. Smart, an' rich into the bargain. Why don't you make love to her?"

Rainey felt the burning blood mounting to his face and brain.

"I am not in love with Miss Simms," he said. "If I was I should not try to make love to her under the circumstances. She's alone, and she's fatherless. I do not care to discuss her."

"She's a woman," said Lund. "And you're a d-d prig! You'd like to bust me in the jaw, but you know I'm stronger. You've got some guts, Rainey, but you're hidebound. You ain't got half the git-up-an'-go to ye that she has. She's a woman, I tell you, an' she's to be won. If you want her, why don't you stand up an' try to git her 'stead of sittin' around like a sick cat whenever I happen to admire her looks?"

"I've seen you. I ain't blind enny longer, you know. She's a woman an' I'm a man. I thought you was one. But you ain't. Yore idea of makin' love is to send the gal a box of candy an' walk pussy-footed an' write poems to her. You want to write life an' I want to live it. So does a gal like that. She's more my breed than yore, if she has got eddication. An' she's flesh and blood. Same as I am. You're half sawdust. You're stuffed."

He went on deck laughing, leaving Rainey raging but helpless. Lund appeared to think the situation obvious. Two men, and a woman who was attractive in many ways. The only woman while they were aboard the schooner, therefore the more to be desired, admired by men cut off from the rest of the world.

Lund sooner or later, meant to take her, willing or unwilling. He had said so, none too covertly, that very evening. And if Rainey meant to stand between her and Lund as a protector, Lund would accept him in that character only as the girl's lover and his rival.

For the time being, the safety of the Karluk and the successful carrying out of the purpose of the trip took all of Lund's attention and energy. Twice he had been thwarted by the weather from gleaming his golden harvest, and it began to look as if the third attempt might be no more fortunate.

"The Karluk's stout," he said once. "but she ain't built for the Arctic. If we git tipped badly she'll go like an eggshell."

"And then what?" Rainey asked.

"Git the gold! That's what we come for. If we have to make sleds an' use the hunters for a dog-team." He laughed indomitably. "We'll make a man of you yit, Rainey, afore we git back."

Lund was snatching sleep in scraps, seeking always to feel a way toward the position of the island through the ice that continually baffled progress. Against all opposition he forced his way until, just after sunset one night, as the dusk swept down, he gave a shout and pointed to a fitful flare over the port bow. Rainey thought it the aurora, but Lund laughed at him.

"It's the crater atop the island," he said. "Nothin' dangerous. Reglar lighthouse. Now, boys," he went on, his deep voice ringing with exhilaration, "there's gold in sight! Whistle for a change of weather, every mother's son of you!"

The deck was soon crowded. On the previous trip the schooner had approached the island from a different angle, but the men were swift to acknowledge the glow of the volcano as the expected landfall. Lund remained on deck, and it was late before any of the crew turned in. Rainey, during his watch, saw the mountain fire-pulse, glowing and twinkling like the eye of a Cyclops, its gleam reflected in the eyes of the watchers who were about to invade the island and rob it of its golden sands.

The change of weather came about three in the morning, though not as Lund had hoped. A sudden wind materialized from the north, stiffening the canvas with its ice-laden breath, glazing the schooner wherever moisture dripped, bringing up an angry scud of clouds that fought with the moon. The sea appeared to have thickened. The Karluk went sluggishly, as if she was sailing in a sea of treacle.

CHAPTER XI.

Smoke.

When Rainey came on deck the next morning he found the schooner floating in a small lagoon that made the center of a floe. The water in it was slush, half solid. Main and fore were close furred, the headstalls also, and the Karluk was nosing against the far end of the rapidly diminishing basin. The wind was still lively.

A deep hum of bursting surf undertoned all other noises and, prisoned as she was, the schooner and her floe were sweeping slowly toward the land in the grip of a current rather than before the gusty wind.

Lund came up within the hour and stood blinking at the brilliance.

He seemed well satisfied with the prospect. "Had breakfast?" he asked Rainey, and then: "All right. We'll git the men aft."

He bellowed an order, and soon every one came trooping, to gather in two groups either side of the cabin skylight. Their faces were eager with the proximity of the gold, yet half sullen as they waited to hear what Lund had to say. Since the attempt against him Lund had said nothing about their shares. They acknowledged him as master, but they still rebelled in spirit.

"There's the island," said Lund. "We'll make it afore sundown. The beach is there, waitin' for us to dig it up. It'll be some job. I don't reckon it's frozen hard, on'y crusted. If it is



"We'll Make a Man of You Yit, Rainey, Afore We Git Back."

We'll bust the crust with dynamite. But we got to hop to it. There'll be another cold spell after this one peters out an' the next is like to be permanent. I want the gold washed out afore then, an' us well down the strait. It's up to you to hump yore-selves, an' I'll help the humpin'."

"We'll cradle most of the stuff an' if it's time, we'll flume the salt till in for the fine dust. Providin' we can git a full of water. There'll be plenty for all hands to do. An' the shares go as first fixed. I ain't expectin' you to do the diggin' an' not git a pinch or two of the dust."

The men's faces lighted, and they shuffled about, looking at one another with grins of relief.

"No cheers?" asked Lund ironically.

"Wall, I hardly expected enny. Hansen, you'll be one of the foremen. With pay accordin', Deming."

"I can't dig," said the hunter truculently. "Neither can Beale, with his ribs."

"You've got a sweet nerve," said Lund. "I reckon you've won enough to be sure of yore shares. If the boys pay up. Enough for you to do some diggin' in yore pockets for Beale. His ribs 'ud be whole if you hadn't started the bolshevik stunt. But I'll find something for both of you to do. Don't let that worry you none."

"We've got mercury aboard somewhere," Lund continued, to Rainey, when the men had dispersed, far more cheerful than they had gathered. "We'll use that for concentration in the film rifles. Hansen'll have rockers made that'll catch the big stuff. If the worst comes to the worst, we'll load up the old hooker with the pay dirt an' wash it out on the way home. I'll strip that heath down to bedrock if I have to work the toes an' fingers off 'em."

By noon the schooner was glazed in as firmly as a toy model that is mounted in a glass sea. The wind blew itself entirely out, but the current bore them steadily on to the clamorous shore, where the swells were creating promontories, bays, cliffs and chasms in the piled-up confusion of the flocs pounding on the rocks, breaking up or sliding atop one another in noisy confusion.

The marble-whiteness of the ice masses was set off by the blues and soft violets of their shadows, and by pearly sheen wherever, the planes caught the light at a proper slant for the play of prisms. Beautiful as it was, the sight was fearful to Rainey, in common with the crew. Only Lund surveyed it nonchalantly.

"It's bustin' up fast," he said. "All we need is a little luck. If we ain't got that there's no use of worryin'. We can't blast ourselves out of this without riskin' the schooner. We ought to be thankful we froze in gentle. There ain't a plank started. The floe'll fend us off. There ain't enny big chunks enny way near us aft. Luck—to make a decent landin'—is all we need, an' it's my hunch it's coulin' our way."

His "hunch" was correct. Though they did not actually make the little bay on which the treasure beach deouched, they fetched up near it against a broken hill of ice that had lodged on the sharp slopes of a little promontory, making the connection without further damage than a splitting of the forward end of their encasing floe, with hardly a jar to the Karluk.

Lund sent men ashore over the ice, climbing to the promontory crags with hawsers by which they tied up schooner, floe and all, to the land. If the broken hill suffered further catastrophe, which did not seem likely, its fragments would fall upon the floe. In case of emergency Lund ordered men told off day and night to stand by the hawsers, to cast loose or cut, as the extremity needed.

It was dark before they were snugged. The men volunteered, through Hansen, to commence digging that night by the light of big fires, so crazy were they at the nearness of the gold. But Lund forbade it.

"You'll work reglar shifts when you git started," he said. "An' you won't start till tomorrow. We've got to stand by the ship'ternight until we find out by mornin' how snug we're goin' to be berthed."

TO BE CONTINUED

For Torpid Liver

"Black-Draught is, in my opinion, the best liver medicine on the market," states Mrs. R. H. White-side, of Keota, Okla. She continues: "I had a pain in my chest after eating—tight, uncomfortable feeling—and this was very disagreeable and brought on headache. I was constipated and knew it was indigestion and inactive liver. I began the use of Black-Draught, night and morning, and it sure is splendid and certainly gives relief."

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For over seventy years this purely vegetable preparation has been found beneficial by thousands of persons suffering from effects of a torpid, or slow-acting liver. Indigestion, biliousness, colic, coated tongue, dizziness, constipation, bitter taste, sleeplessness, lack of energy, pain in back, puffiness under the eyes—any or all of these symptoms often indicate that there is something the matter with your liver. You can't be too careful about the medicine you take. Be sure that the name, "Thedford's Black-Draught," is on the package. At all druggists.

Accept Only the Genuine.

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If Ulster will yield to the wishes of Great Britain the Irish question will be settled, but Ulster is not inclined to make a sacrifice for benefit of rebellious subjects.

Small pox is now added to the pests which are afflicting the Russians.



Broadway Hits reach you FIRST via EDISON

NOWADAYS—if you want to hear Broadway's newest songs, and dance Broadway's latest dances, you must watch our windows and visit our RE-CREATION department.

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when tired,—remember that only the New Edison brings you Mood Music.

For \$_____ (write in your own first payment) you can have the wonderful New Edison delivered to your Christmas tree. Mail the coupon at once,—and learn the details of our Christmas Budget Plan.

Mail this Coupon Today

Dear Sirs: Please send me full details of your Christmas Budget Plan.

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Herbert Taylor

Columbia, Kentucky.



Cracks at Creation.

There is plenty of room at the top of the ladder, but many people object to the exertion of climbing.

Merely as a test of your poor memory, what is the date of armistice day?

Every time we try to lay up something for a rainy day a pre-

mature rain comes along and washes it all away. This business of continually starting all over again possesses merits, though. It prevents us good men from contracting those vicious habits of the idle rich.

Our idea of a real diplomat is a fellow who can keep a woman from spilling the beans when she has a spicy secret to tell.

If a preacher were to tell the whole truth to the average congregation he would probably be invited to repeat it—elsewhere.

Why speak of a fellow having lost his nerve at the critical moment? He had none to lose.

When some people reach the top of the ladder of success they climb down again to see if anything has been overlooked.

The men who now accomplish-

ing great things began life in the proper way. They never neglected the little things.

Rich men are not all self made. In most cases their workmen made their money for them.

Trouble with this country is, there are too many things of the past. They should be improved upon and made assets of the future.

The hustler, takes what like has in store for him and then goes out and gathers in a little more.—Lancaster Record.

Gold Holdings.

Gold holdings of the United States, the world's sole creditor nation, mounted to a new high record last month, appropriating the stupendous sum of \$3,500,-

000,000. Statisticians estimated this to be 35 to 40 per cent of the world's visible supply.

Of this amount the twelve Federal Reserve banks hold a total of about \$930,000,000, the bulk of which reposes in the vaults of the local institution.

Metal which has been pouring into this country ever since the close of the war has averaged \$75,000,000 monthly this year.

Some of the gold bears the stamp of nations born after the European cataclysm and some of the minted metal is almost as rare and strange to the average observer as an old time Spanish doubloon.

Part of the gold sent here by Germany to meet reparations payments to the Allies was said to be French coin (Louis D'or)

extracted by Germany from France as indemnity after the Franco-Prussian war in 1870.

The amount of gold bars now held by the local assay office is not disclosed, but the machinery of that institution has been taxed to capacity recently reducing foreign bullion to requisite fineness for the domestic market. Bars, valued at many millions of dollars, have been shipped from this city to the Philadelphia mint in the last few months to be made into coin.

The many national and state banks of this city, together with affiliated trust companies, the New York Clearing House and almost countless private money changers and dealers in coin and bullion probably hold at this time a total of between \$1,000,000,000 and \$1,250,000,000.

The Tariff on Farm Products.

The farmer has a perfect object lesson that a tariff on what he raises cannot increase the price. The Republican Congress, as soon as it was called in extra session by President Harding, framed and put through a bill known as the Fordney emergency tariff measure. The Republican Congressmen claimed that agriculture was suffering in the United States because it was not protected by a duty which would prevent farm products from being shipped into the United States.

As soon as the Fordney measure became a law the Republicans proclaimed from the house-tops that the first act of the Harding Administration was to give relief to the farmer. Wheat and cattle were two things, especially it was claimed, would advance in price as soon as the importation of these things were stopped by a tariff levied on them. When the Fordney bill went into effect wheat was selling around \$1.40 a bushel. The Fordney act has been in effect now about five months and instead of wheat advancing it has gone down from \$1.40 a bushel to 98 cents a bushel and cattle have declined equally as much in price since they were included in the foreign tariff. This is an object lesson, which should open the eyes of all farmers to the absurd claim that farm products can be increased in price by a tariff duty.—E. Town News.

Obituary.

On Oct. 23, 1921, the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Printus Gibbons and claimed for its victim their darling baby age 2 years and 6 months, the idol of fond parent's loving hearts. It was afflicted with diphtheria and all was done that loving hand and physicians could do but to no avail. God saw fit to remove it from this world of sin and sorrow and transplant it as a shining flower in that brighter world where it is shining to-day for Jesus and is watching and waiting for mother and father to come and join him. He was a bright little boy and not only will be missed by loved ones at home but by other friends and relatives who knew him.

I would say to the bereaved ones put your trust in Jesus who said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of Heaven." Just live so you may

meet little Raymond Prince where there is no sorrow nor good-byes but all is peace and joy. The baby hands are beckoning you to come and join him in that land of peace and love.

Miss Brittie Webb,
Glensfork, Ky.

A Hopeful Beginning.

It is difficult to comment upon such a meeting as that of the Disarmament Conference at Washington because we may not know what each day may bring forth, and, unless it be the United States, no nation there represented has yet definitely indicated its policy.

But it is clearly within the record to say that a good beginning has been made. Mr. Hughes spoke like a real statesman in his address at the opening of the conference, and the United States has submitted a real program. Yesterday we were informed that Great Britain and Japan had accepted the American program "in principle." This may mean a good deal, and it may mean nothing; much depends upon the interpretation that may later be given to these little words "in principle." But it is clear that the United States government is suggesting genuine action toward disarmament and there is every reason to hope that something tangible may result.

Those of us in America who have from the first believed in the League of Nations should be most careful at this juncture to say or do nothing that can interfere with the success of these plans for disarmament. We may still believe in the League of Nations, and yet lend a helping hand to those who may try to work out disarmament plans by another route.—Louisville Post.

Crumbs.

Sugar is first mentioned in history when a small quantity was brought from India to Rome. A dog's average life is fifteen to twenty years.

The first meeting of the Congress in Washington, D. C., was on November 17, 1800.

Premier Lloyd George recently said that the first prize he ever won was for singing.

There are fewer failures in the jewelry business than in any other line of trade.

One hundred swivel guns were used by the Americans in driving the British from Boston.

Exports of locomotives from the United States in 1920 totaled 1,711, valued at \$53,629,847.

Bacteria arising in stored coal causes deterioration, under certain conditions of exposure.

The international credit of China is on the declining rather than the ascending scale. During the last fortnight the interest has defaulted upon a number of Chinese bonds held in London, Paris and New York. China and the Chinese might as well face the fact right now that China will not be able to borrow money in the markets of the world until a real Chinese government is established. At present something resembling anarchy prevails all over China. And this has been true from the day the so-called Chinese republic was proclaimed.

WOODROW WILSON, IDEALIST.

If there could be a moving picture of a great parade of Armistice Day with a phonograph attachment, it should be sent for this delectation and emotional discipline to one George Harvey, Ambassador without discretion of the United States at the Court of St. James. Such a picture would show one lone horse-drawn carriage in the miles of machines and military trappings. In this vehicle were former President Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

Passing along the Avenue between solid banks of Americans of all parties and all conditions, this carriage met a continuous, spontaneous and hearty applause. It was an unmistakable tribute. Following the ceremonies at Arlington, 10,000 of these people massed themselves about Woodrow Wilson's home to pay him a further tribute of affectionate regard.

This double demonstration can have but one significance—Americans are not merely selfish, self-seeking self-centered, unbridled opportunists; they have not cast aside ideals nor the motive force of sheer righteousness. Mr. Wilson stands with the American people for a great ideal, or series of ideals. No one can rob him of that place in national opinion. He may have been wholly impractical, stubborn and egotistic in the extreme. The Herald believes he was. But his ideals live—always will live. They are inseparable from his name, and whatever this means in history cannot be denied him in the years to come, and it is folly or worse to attempt to deny it to him now.

Another element in the genuine ovation given him is his sickness. He never again can be a national leader, and there is a growing feeling that he has been unfairly used, not so much during his term of office nor in the election as since. This is evidenced in a sympathy from his political opponents of the rank and file, and from those who intensely disapproved his policies. It is tending to martyrdom and reacting in politics.

Mr. Harvey and his kind have made more friends for Mr. Wilson and loosened more bonds for the Republican party than any other influence. They are the most prolific capital the Democrats have, and if wisdom comes by seeing and hearing, they saw and heard on Friday as that broken man became almost triumphant in a defeat never equalled in American politics.—Washington D. C. Herald.

The Defeat of The Amendments.

The overwhelming defeat of the two proposed school amendments to the Constitution was a great victory for the people who believe in popular government. The completeness of the victory will not be known until the official count is made but sufficient returns have been given to show that these two propositions have been defeated by a larger majority than anything heretofore voted upon by the people of the State. Democratic and Republican counties vied with each other to see which could poll the largest vote against them.

It was an especial defeat for State Superintendent Colvin, who

was chiefly responsible for having the Legislature submit them, and who was their chief exponent upon the stump.

Their overwhelming defeat was also a rebuke to the Kentucky Educational Association, which has too long attempted to dictate and control school legislation.

The people of Kentucky are getting very tired of having the State run down by a coterie of supposed highbrows who always think that things in other States are better than they are in this old Commonwealth, and they took occasion to rebuke them in the vote on the amendments.

The daily newspapers of Louisville, Lexington and some other cities, always fall prey of these alleged reformers, and they persistently and continuously for two months demanded that the people vote for these amendments in the interest of education when the cause of education would have been hurt if they had been adopted. They also claimed that the first amendment was for the purpose of "taking the office of State Superintendent out of politics" when in reality it would have put the office deeper into politics. Iowa found that out and returned to the old elective system.

The people won this battle in Kentucky without any money, and without any State organization, and without the aid of a single daily newspaper with State-wide circulation, and they have a right to be proud of their victory.—E. Town News.

A WISE ACTION

The conference of Kentucky Democrats called by Judge Charles Hardin, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, for later in the month to take counsel concerning a legislative program is a well-considered idea, and promises to be of as much advantage to the State as to the party of which Judge Hardin is the titular head.

Of course such a conference could not adopt policies that would be binding upon the Democratic members of the coming Legislature, but the Evening Post is mistaken if those members, nearly all of them, will not be pleased by the holding of such a conference, at which suggestions may be received and debated by influential members of the party from all over the State. The legislators themselves must be the judges of the bills they vote for or against, but something big might be gained through the acceptance of a legislative program by the party in relation to policies over which there is no serious disagreement.

We repeat that the calling of this conference is a wise action by the chairman of the State committee, and we believe the whole State will be of the same opinion. The Democratic party will be responsible for the action of the next Legislature. The Governor may veto, but there are majorities sufficient to pass bills over the veto. And it would be a serious mistake for the Legislature to meet without the forming of a program by others aside from the professional lobbyists.—Louisville Post.

Put a little sand in the bottom of Chinese lanterns and they will not sway and will be less apt to take fire.

Prices for Wheat and Victory Bonds Forecast.

[LEXINGTON HERALD.]

Wheat sold in Chicago last week for less than one dollar. Victory bonds sold at par. The two facts reveal strikingly the effect of the deflation in the price of commodities that has taken place since the war and the increase in the value of the dollar that has occurred in the last few months.

It is the first time that wheat has sold for under a dollar for six years. It is the first time Victory Loan bonds have sold at par since they were issued. Wheat has fallen from the high point of over three dollars; Victory Loan bonds have increased in price nearly fifteen per cent.

Even a superficial analysis of these facts indicates the relative greater value of the dollar as measured by the prices of commodities, and forecasts an era of cheaper money as measured by the interest rate, and the enhancement of the value of the dollar as measured by its purchasing power.

The price of wheat also forecasts with certainty the relative value of other commodities as measured by the purchasing power of a bushel of wheat. Agricultural products have already shown the effect of the process of deflation. The prices of grains, live stock, wool and leather would indicate that the process of deflation had run its full course in these products, but the manufactured products from these raw materials have not as yet shown a relative fall in prices.

The price of wool has dropped over fifty per cent., but the price of the manufactured product in clothes and underwear and hosiery has not fallen proportionately. The price of livestock on the hoof in Kansas City and Chicago has fallen materially, but the price of the product in the butcher stalls has not decreased proportionately. Leather has dropped from a half dollar a pound to less than forty per cent., of that price, but the price of shoes has not yet reacted to the price of leather.

There are, needless to say, compelling reasons for this discrepancy. One of those reasons is that the labor costs have not fallen in proportion to the costs of the raw materials; another is that freight rates are still high; a third that manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers have felt the necessity of making the readjustment in prices slow instead of rapid.

But the price of wheat and the price of Victory bonds forecast the result of the economical and financial laws that are at work and will in time bring the inevitable result of a readjustment in price of all commodities, that will result in enhancing the purchasing power of the dollar as measured by other commodities.

But there is one fact that business men of America should never forget, and that is, today the world is linked together as never before and there cannot be prosperity in the United States unless it can sell its products to other nations in greater volume and for greater value than it purchases the products of other nations, and that to insure pros-

perity in the United States purchasing power must be restored in other nations.

On the day that Victory bonds reached par for the first time in three years, the German mark, which before the war was worth a little over twenty-three cents in American currency, sold in New York for less than a half of one cent. The franc is less than fifty per cent. of its former value as measured in American currency or American commodities. The English pound is selling at a discount of approximately twenty per cent.

An Appeal.

Thousands of tables will groan Thursday throughout Kentucky under the weight of turkey, cranberry sauce, pies, nuts and all the delicious tidbits known only to Thanksgiving dinners.

But in another thousands of homes, a bare table will be the emblem of poverty; that poverty that is caused by ignorance in the majority of cases, crime in some instances and rarely misfortune. On this day of Thanksgiving, the Kentucky Children's Home Society calls on the people of Kentucky, the ministers, the school children and the mothers to remember the little homeless waifs, who through no fault of their own, may have no Thanksgiving dinner; and if they feast it will be on the crumbs that fall from the tables of those more fortunate.

This is the Thanksgiving appeal sent out today by George L. Sehon, Superintendent of the Kentucky Children's Home Society, Louisville. Mr. Sehon points out that but for the Society, Louisville. Mr. Sehon points out that but for the work of the Society, thousands of prosperous men and happy wives who now are citizens of a state that is proud of them, might be living this Thanksgiving Day in poverty and crime; it might have been they whose tables now bend under the weight of the Thanksgiving feast tomorrow who might have sat down to a bare table and only the scraps thrown out to them by charity.

In nearly every community in Kentucky are prosperous, happy persons who were taken in by the Children's Home Society, in many of the cases being rescued from squalor and criminal surroundings. In the name of these little children, says Mr. Sehon, he appeals through the newspapers for money to construct the cottage village, so badly needed to carry on this work of child rescue.

All Around House.

The sweetened omlet is often used as a dessert.


All canned meats and fish should be removed from the cans as soon as opened.

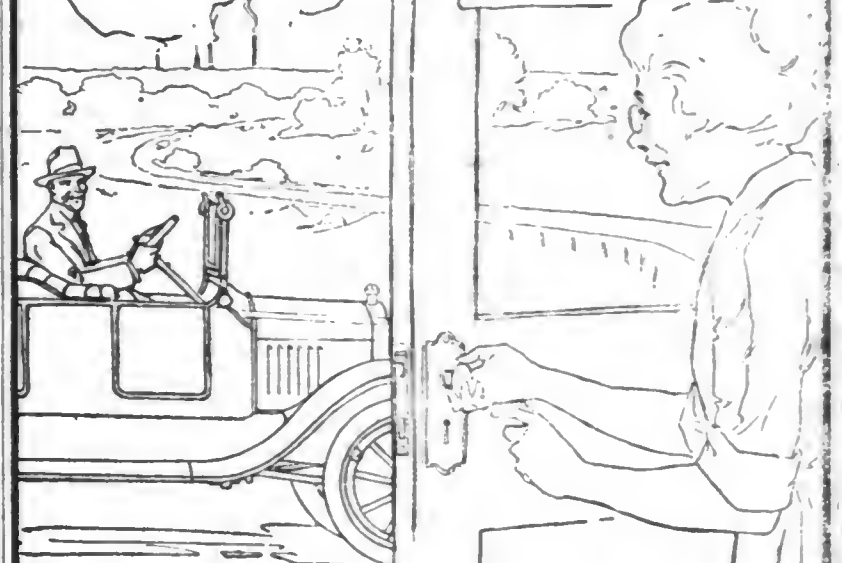
Try putting a piece of camphor ice away with your silver. It keeps it from tarnishing.

Allow two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder to each cupful of flour when no eggs are used.

To cool food quickly fill the lower part of a double boiler with ice or cold water and place food in the upper part.

The next meeting of the General Baptist Association will be held at Middlesboro.





Pride of Ownership

THE Ford Touring Car has brought to the farm homes of the country more real pleasure, comfort and convenience than perhaps any other one thing.

It has enabled the farmer and his family to mingle with friends, attend church, neighborhood functions, and enjoy the many pleasures that abound in country life.

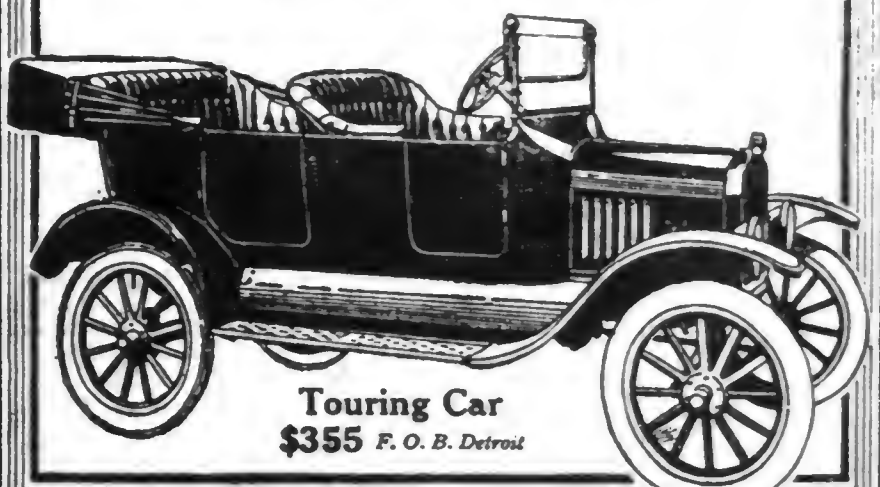
Truly the Ford car with its low cost of operation and maintenance, its usefulness and efficiency, has been a boon to the American farmer.

Your order should be placed at once if you wish to avoid delay in delivery.

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Berea, Ky.

Nov. 14, '21.

Editor News:—

Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for the News another year. We can't do without it. It tells us the sad as well as the good news of old Adair, and we look anxiously for it every Thursday morning. The election went off quietly here in Berea, but there were some disturbances in the county. This county went Democratic as usual. All county officials elected were Democrats except 2 or 3.

Last Friday week was Armistice Day, and it was duly celebrated here. The American Legion Bands of this city and Richmond assembled in front of Boone Tavern Hotel and played several patriotic and inspiring pieces after which they marched to Berea College Chapel, followed by about 200 ex-service men in khaki and 2,000 to 2,500 students, where an hour was spent in listening to good lectures and the solemn prayer at 12:00 o'clock. After this 25 or 30 car

loads of the Legion boys left for Richmond and there had another concert and then marched to Eastern Kentucky State Normal where they witnessed a foot ball game between the American Legion boys against State University team of Lexington. It was a hard fought of nothing to nothing. There were three auto accidents during the day, only one of which was very bad. Two soldier boys were very badly hurt, but will recover it is said. Two of the cars were demolished.

This leaves us all well and enjoying good health.

Very respectfully yours,
E. L. Feese.

Printer Was Peeved.

Charlie Harris, of Fort Worth, Texas, a friend of Mr. Nubbins in the printing business, got slightly peeved at a letter from a doctor who wanted bids on several thousand letterheads, different sizes, different kinds, different grades, and different colors, and wanted the printing form held standing. So Charlie took his typewriter in hand and wrote:

"Am in the market for one operation for appendicitis, one, two or five inch incision—with or without ether—also with or without nurse. If appendix is found to be sound, want quotation to include putting same back and canceling order. If removed successful bidder is expected to hold incision open for about sixty days, as I expect to be in the market for an operation for gallstones at that time and want to save the extra cost of cutting."

—Kansas City Post.